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NO. 24

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1909.

VOL. XLVI

MRS. FREEMAN FOUND DEAD IN BATHROOM

Her Body Was Discovered About Six O'Clock Saturday Afternoon.

SHE DIED SOMETIME FRIDAY NIGHT

The Aged Lady Was In Good Health on Friday and Cause of Death is Unknown—Funeral Held Tuesday Afternoon at House—Interment in Rose Hill Cemetery.

The whole community was shocked late last Saturday afternoon when it was learned that Mrs. Lucretia A. Freeman had been found dead in the bathroom of her home on Cemetery street, by her son-in-law, Harry C. Wells. Death had come so peacefully that Mr. Wells, when he first saw her, thought she was asleep and tried to arouse her before he discovered that she had passed to the world above.

Mrs. Freeman's home adjoined that of her daughter, Mrs. H. C. Wells, and on Friday evening Mrs. Wells called on her, as she nearly always did. She was in excellent spirits and health when her daughter left her between 9:30 and 10 o'clock, but in less than two hours she was dead, probably from the bursting of a blood vessel in her head.

Saturday forenoon Mrs. Wells visited her mother's house and found it locked but was not alarmed because Mrs. Freeman often came over to town and spent the day with her granddaughter, Mrs. Robert Hamilton. Later she telephoned Mrs. Hamilton and when she found she was not there she concluded that she must be visiting a friend whom she had spoken of spending a day with in the near future. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Wells learned that she was not there and then she became alarmed.

She summoned Mr. Wells who tried all the entrances on the first floor, and then procured a ladder and gained an entrance through a second-story window. He made a hurried detour and found her lying on the floor of the bathroom asleep, as he at first supposed.

As soon as Mr. Wells touched his mother-in-law he discovered that she had passed away some hours previous. He summoned a physician and made the facts known to Coroner Sherman. Mr. Sherman said that an inquest was unnecessary and the physician stated that she had probably been dead upwards of eighteen hours and that her death was probably due to the sudden rupture of a blood vessel in the head and she had died within a very short time after being stricken. This is borne out by the position of her body and the natural state of her features when found.

Mr. Wells found her lying on the floor with her head resting on a small sofa pillow which she probably grabbed as she sank to the floor when stricken. Her hands were clasped to her left breast and as she laid in a most natural position her features were so natural that she appeared to be asleep. She was clad in her night robe and stockings and her bed was opened, showing that she was either about to retire or had only been in bed a short time when she went to the bathroom.

It is very evident that she had not been alarmingly ill, because she always kept a large bell handy for the purpose of alarming her daughter in case she was taken sick in the night and wanted assistance. This bell could have been readily heard by her daughter in the next house had she used it, and it was found in its usual place.

The subject of this sketch, Miss Lucretia A. Reisdorph was born at Java, Livingston county, N. Y., in 1836, making her 73 years of age. Her parents moved to Cattaraugus, N. Y., and from there to Minnesota where her mother died in 1885. On June 1, 1855, she was united in marriage to Dr. S. D. Freeman and came to Smethport to reside. This union was blessed with three daughters, Mrs. Kate Taylor and Mrs. Harry C. Wells, who survive and live in this place, and Bessie who died when a young girl. She is also survived by two brothers, John and Silas Reisdorph of Windham, Minn., two granddaughters, Mrs. Robert Hamilton and Miss Irma Wells, and three great-grandchildren, Katherine, Robert and John Hamilton.

Mrs. Freeman was a woman dearly beloved by those who best knew her. She was idolized by her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and she loved them in turn with a love that was beautiful. For many years she has lived a quiet home life, going little in society and caring nothing for ordinary amusements, but she loved her home and her friends and enjoyed their visits very much. Her dear friends were not confined to those of her own age, she having many friends among the young people who loved her almost as a mother and enjoyed her society fully as well as that of people of their own age. Her home was always open to her young friends and she was never happier than when entertaining them. Many young matrons and maids will as deeply mourn her loss as that of a near and dear relative. She was a woman of artistic tastes and a lover of the beautiful in her home and she labored unceasingly in making her home one of the neatest and most beautiful in this community.

The funeral services were held at her late home at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, officiating and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

SCHOOL BOARD ACTS.

Diplomas Withheld From Three Graduates—Four Young Juniors Expelled.

At a meeting of the Smethport school board held Monday evening final action was taken on the case of the boys who took part in the disgraceful action to humiliate Miss Todd on commencement night, when it was discovered that some persons had sawed off the legs of the platform on which she stood when directing the choruses, in such a manner as would throw her to the floor the minute she stepped on it.

The members of the school board after making a careful investigation of the case found seven high school pupils who were implicated in the work and Monday night the board decided to refuse diplomas to the three boys of the graduating class who were guilty. The four juniors who took part in the work were expelled. The names of the implicated are withheld for the reason that we think it would be too humiliating to the innocent parents and relatives to have them published. We have no sympathy for these seven boys for all of them are old enough to know better. The most we can say in justification for their act is that probably they did not stop to consider what the outcome might be.

This may seem to some like an extreme penalty to place on the boys when there was no harm actually done, but before coming to that conclusion it should be remembered that the life and limbs of this young woman were endangered, through this thoughtless prank, and if such actions are excused they will be continued until one of them results seriously.

Kane Young Man Drowned.

A special from Kane to Tuesday's Era says:

A most deplorable drowning accident occurred at about 8:00 this evening, in the reservoir located about a quarter of a mile from this borough, near the National Transit company's pumping station. The victim was Leo Larson, 21 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Larson of Kane.

The young man was swimming in the reservoir and was probably affected by cramps. He sank to the bottom of the pond. The water is over 20 feet deep and considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the body out. Finally three expert swimmers succeeded, by diving, in locating the corpse and it was then brought to the surface.

The drowned young man was well known here and the news of his death has caused much sorrow among the people of the community.

About a year ago there was another drowning accident in the same place. The National Transit company officials do not allow swimming in the reservoir, but young men and boys sometimes ignore the regulations and use the pond as a swimming place.

Ordination Services.

On June 27th, the third Sunday after Trinity, the Right Reverend Cortlandt Whitehead, S. T. D., Bishop of the diocese of Pittsburg, will visit St. Luke's parish for the purpose of ordaining Charles E. McCoy to the deaconate. The ordination service will begin at 10:30 a. m. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 a. m., Rev. W. E. VanDyke, celebrant. Evensong at 8 p. m.

Mr. McCoy is the first Candidate that St. Luke's parish has presented for Holy Orders. After his ordination he will be placed in charge of the work in Clairton, Duquesne and East Liberty.

Searching For A Wife

Am mining man, 34 years old, never married, good health, character, and some accomplishments. Have accumulated over $25,000 in Nevada mining and will settle down in beautiful California with the woman of my choice. Desire to know lady 18 to 30 years old, fair looking, possessing good common sense and who would appreciate good home. No objections to a widow. All correspondence confidentially received.

JOHN W. GRANT,
Truckee, California.

Automobile for Sale.

Engine and Change Speed Gear guaranteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers, fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This is a "snap" for some one and should be taken quick. Price complete $275.00.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.
tf Smethport, Pa.

BAD AUTO ACCIDENT.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grinard, formerly of Smethport, Painfully Injured.

An automobile accident occurred Sunday evening about 7:15 o'clock at Haskell Flats, half way between Olean and Cuba, N. Y., in which Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Grinard and Mrs. Warden Wyatt were painfully injured. At first it was reported in the Buffalo and Bradford papers that Mrs. Grinard's injuries were probably fatal and that Mr. Grinard's injuries were serious, but this we are pleased to say is not true.

As Mr. Grinard and his estimable family formerly lived in Smethport and still have many friends here, we called up his garage on the 'phone yesterday morning and was surprised when we heard "Del's" familiar voice at the other end of the line.

Mr. Grinard said that they were driving along at a moderate rate of speed, he in the front seat and Mrs. Wyatt and his wife in the rear. They turned out to pass a rig going in the opposite direction and as he turned back into the road the hind wheels skewed and one struck a stone solidly embedded in the road with such force that the wheel collapsed and the car turned turtle.

Mr. and Mrs. Grinard were pinioned under the car and Mrs. Wyatt, who was sitting on the opposite side was thrown clear of the wreck, landing on her head and shoulders but escaped with only a number of bad bruises. Mr. Grinard, although firmly caught, managed to crawl from under the car and his first thought was to release his wife. The body of the car was lying across her chest with her head and shoulders in sight and he thought from her appearance that she was dead. He made a frantic effort to raise the car but could not and had to wait until the man whom he had passed came to his assistance, after he succeeded in attracting his attention.

Mrs. Grinard was unconscious and it took the combined efforts of both men to release her. At first she was thought to be fatally injured. She was strangled until her tongue was terribly swollen and protruded from her mouth and she was bleeding from her mouth and nose. She was terribly bruised about the shoulders and chest and for a time it was thought she was internally injured, but Mr. Grinard says she is now considered out of danger.

A short time after the accident occurred Mrs. Frank Higgins of Olean happened along in her car and it was placed at the disposal of the injured people. They were taken to their homes.

Palmer Window Glass Co.

A dispatch from Shinglehouse says: The plant and good will of the Palmer Window Glass company, the largest industry in Shinglehouse and one of the largest glass plants in the world, is now in the hands of Owen G. Metzger of Coudersport, trustee of the creditors, appointed by the referee in bankruptcy, following a meeting of interested creditors. The plant was closed a short time ago, soon after the appointment of a receiver. The plant will be sold at public sale and within a short time, and the tangled affairs of the company straightened out. The failure is a bad one and will mean a clean loss of about $100,000 to the holders of the second mortgage bonds and unsecured creditors.

Summed up in a nutshell, the situation is like this: The Palmer Window Glass company has invested in its plant and gas properties about $310,000. There is due to the creditors of the company about $225,000. The estimate value of the entire property will sell for enough to pay off the first mortgage bonds, $118,000, and the expenses of the bankruptcy proceedings, perhaps a little more.

The plant was completed in December, 1901, and for a time was a money making enterprise, ill advised investments in gas properties, dull times in the glass business and possibly some mistakes in management appear to be responsible for the failure. It is understood that Smethport parties hold $70,000 of the first mortgage bonds, the balance being scattered throughout a number of banks. The second mortgage bonds, amounting to $50,000, are held as collateral by order creditors.

Early Closing of Stores.

The following stores will close at 6:30 p. m. every day except Saturdays and Mondays, commencing Tuesday, July 6th, until further notice:

Fry & Comes,	Oscar Engstrom,
The Lindholm Co.,	H. W. Rubin,
Geo. Brennan,	Wm. Glavin,
C. A. Burdick,	Mrs. Bisett,
Carrie Clark,	W. J. Kerr,
J. Colegrove,	Specht & Sasse,
Wm. Monheimer,	Mrs. Hinman,
Audorfer & Lyle,	J. S. McCarthy,
C. H. Denning.	

All members of the K. O. T. M., No. 9, are notified that a meeting will be held in the I. O. O. F. hall on Thursday evening, June 24. Election of officers.

A. H. KINDER, Record Keeper.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Death of Mary Hafner.

Mrs. Mary Hafner of Clermont, after a period of a week's illness passed quietly away at her home on Friday, June 18th, the cause of her death was complication of diseases. The deceased was born at East Smethport on July 2, 1881, and was at the time of her death 28 years, 11 months and 16 days.

Her parents were Mr. John Brennan and wife Mary, the latter dieing when the subject of this sketch was an infant, she was adopted into the family of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Lazott, with whom she remained until the time of her marriage to Mr. Harry L. Hafner of Kasson Pa. The result of this union being 3 children: Bertha, Ella and Pearl, who, together with their father and Mrs. Hafner's foster-mother are left to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate mother, wife and daughter.

In the death of this estimable woman this community sustains the loss of a kind and loving neighbor, a true and honest friend, and a loyal Christian. She was a devout member of the M. E. church at Clermont, and always took an earnest interest in the work of the church of her choice. She possessed a disposition of the kind that endeared her to all with whom she came in contact.

The funeral services were held from the M. E. church at 1:30 p. m. Sunday, the Reverend Perkins of Colegrove officiating, after which followed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, the remains were laid at rest in the Kasson cemetery, the bereaved family have the united sympathy of all in this their sad affliction.

BABY WAS STRANGLED.

Wheel Rolled on Child's Neck and Caused Death of the Little One.

Pauline, the four and one-half year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mundy of State Line was killed in a most shocking manner, about noon yesterday.

The family live on a farm two miles from the State Line on the road leading to Allegany, N. Y. Yesterday about noon the little girl was playing about a light wagon in the yard and had evidently climbed upon of the wheels. Her weight was sufficient to put the vehicle in motion and she fell off. One of the wheels of the wagon passed across the child's chest and stopped directly upon its neck. When found, the little girl was dead from strangulation.

The tragic death of the child has caused the parents to be frantic with grief. They will have the sympathy of their many neighbors and friends.

Coroner Cassar Smith of Olean was notified and he investigated the accident. An inquest was deemed unnecessary, as there was every indication that the death was accidental—Yesterday's Bradford Era.

Probably A Murder.

William Gerry, whose body was found in a corn crib near Bridgeport, Ill., mention of which was made in The Era a few days ago, was undoubtedly murdered after being robbed, according to information contained in letters received from that place Monday morning. Mrs. Gerry, the widow who lives in this city, received a letter from her brother and also a son, Ray Gerry, who went to Bridgeport, Ill., to investigate the death, says The Era.

According to the letters, the deceased had a ring worth $100 and when he went to a baseball game on June 9, he had money in his pockets. When his body was found there were but two cents in his pockets. From all that could be learned, he met his death on the night after he was seen at the baseball game. The ring was also missing from his finger.

One letter states that they have been 18 murders committed in the vicinity within a few years and not one conviction.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 19, 1909:

Cossps, Miss Janie
Grillith, Will J.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Every housekeeper who has used Campbell's Varnish Stain is delighted with the results obtained. Nothing else like it they say. So easy to apply, and so durable. J. C. Hamlin carries a full line of this popular stain.

Store Room for Rent.

A store room in the Odd Fellows' building for rent. Inquire of trustees of building.

Alfred Sturdvient has a new soft drink, Raspberry Cream. Try it.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

GIRL KILLED BY CHINAMAN.

Elsie Sigel Murdered by Chinese Lover While Doing Missionary Work.

Pretty Elsie Sigel, the 20-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sigel of New York and granddaughter of General Frary Sigel, was cruelly murdered by a zealous Chinese lover while doing missionary work in New York's Chinatown on or about June 9th, and her body concealed in a trunk in a room occupied by Leon Ling, the suspect, until last Friday when her remains were found by the police.

Miss Sigel and her mother were deeply interested in converting Chinese to Christianity and both devoted much of their time to the work. The girl was a teacher in the mission Sunday school where many mongolians attended. She became acquainted with Leon Ling and Chu Gain, and this acquaintance ripened into love for both. They were often invited to her home as well as other converts, and they learned to love her other than as a pupil does a teacher. She wrote them love letters and both were so proud of her love that they boasted of it until they became jealous, and threats of violence were exchanged.

On the morning of June 9, Miss Sigel left home to visit the slums. She wrote a note to her mother from the mission about the work, but did not return home. Later a message came from Washington over her initials asking her parents not to worry because she would be home in a few days. This was evidently a forgery for at the time her lifeless body was probably in the trunk.

Leon Ling has escaped and Chu Gain is being held by the police as an important witness. The police of the whole world are searching for Ling, who has the reputation of being a bad Chinaman and one who made a practice of professing Christianity in order to get in the good graces of white girls and women. The chances of his capture are slight for he has a good start and is as crafty as any Chinaman, which is much in his favor.

On Tuesday after the severest application of the third degree by the New York police department, Choog Sing, a roommate of Leon Ling, confessed to seeing Ling kill Elsie Sigel in his room on June 9. Through the severe examination he admitted seeing part of the struggle through a keyhole, the details of which are sickening, but he stoutly denied having any knowledge of the whereabouts of the murderer after the crime was committed.

The Bradford Era, in referring to the case, very truthfully says:

A foolish girl imagining that she was doing Christian work as a missionary among Chinese heathen in New York city, was not only disgraced but cruelly murdered—the manner of her taking off being about the most fiendish method imaginable. In the past there have been many warnings issued as to the danger of allowing young women to take charge of Sunday schools composed of conscienceless Chinese, who, under pretence of conversion, secure a practical knowledge of the English language and at the same time succeed in ingratiating themselves into the good graces of their teachers. Missionary zeal is all very well, but common sense should also be exercised. If Chinamen are to be instructed in Sunday school classes, let the work of instruction be done by men. Church authorities, in view of this New York atrocity, should now be fully aroused from their indifference as to the dangers of pretty Sunday school girls among Chinese scoundrels who are adepts in deception and who practice the most infamous of vices, the while posing as guileless seekers after the light of religion.

"Quo Vadis" Incident Beaten.

The following is from a Spokane, Washington, dispatch: Frank Jonas a husky rancher of Columbia county south of Spokane, has Ursus of "Quo Vadis" fame stepping sideways in an effort to retain his grasp on the laurel wreath as a result of a tussel with a maddened cow, which charged a throng, including many women and children, daring a parade by the Ancient Order of United Workmen at Dalton, Washington. Jonas made the attack when the animal plunged, gaining holds on both horns. The struggle was a terrific one and the rancher was lifted off his feet several times. However, he twisted and tugged and finally put the cow's head to the ground, holding it there until Harvey Price, a special policeman, dispatched the animal with two rifle bullets into the brain. The animal's final effort was desperate, but Jonas was master and the cow died with the rancher clinging to its horns.

An old chair can be refinished and made to match other furniture by applying one coat of Campbell's Varnish Stain. Anyone can use it and do good work. J. C. Hamlin sells it.

Wanted: Large tract of cheap land—5,000 acres or more. Star Realty Company, 336 Fourth ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Should be Awarded Carnegie Medal.

Monday afternoon, June 14th, seven-year-old Andrew Meyers of West Pike, saved his five-year-old sister Lera Meyers from drowning at the risk of his own life. His act was one which shows him to be of the very best hero metal through and through and if any one in the State of Pennsylvania or anywhere else deserves a Carnegie medal, this seven-year-old certainly does. About four o'clock his sister with Herbert Leroy, a little boy, also about five years old, was playing on a foot bridge which crosses Pine Creek about fifty yards above its intersection with the Genesee. Where the streams come together there is a very deep hole with an under current that in years past has nearly caused the death of some exceptionally good swimmers. In some manner little Lera fell from the bridge into the stream which on account of the recent rains was swollen and very rapid at this point. Andrew came out of Dicken's store directly across the street from the bridge just as his sister lost her balance and fell into the raging stream. Without a moments hesitation the little hero dashed across the street and into the stream about twenty yards below the bridge just as the body of his sister floated by he caught her by the arm and worked his way back to shore succeeding in reaching it just a few yards above the big hole at the fork of the streams. Just as he safely dragged his sister from the stream, his aunt, Mrs. Brown, who had been attracted by the screaming for help by Herbert Leroy, the little playmate on the bridge, and four-year-old Lester Huston, a cousin of Andrew and Lera, who was on the bank aiding his cousin to drag the little girl from the water, came to the children's assistance. When the accident happened Lester was playing in the road and when he saw Andrew rush into the water he started to follow him and was in the water up to his knees before the older boy saw him. Andrew with presence of mind that would have done credit to a man many years his senior, called to his cousin telling him to go back out of the water and when he reached the shore with Lera he could help pull her up on the bank. After the accident was all over E. M. Kilbourn, an uncle of the little hero asked him how he managed to stand up and what he would have done if he had slipped and fallen. In reply, the little fellow said, "The stones were awful slippery, but I just put my toes right under them. I knew I must keep from falling for if I slipped and fell Lera and myself would be taken into the big hole and drowned." In this there is no question but the little fellow is right, if he had ever slipped or if he had been carried down the stream a few feet further both he and his sister would have been drowned. Here is certainly a case for a Carnegie medal.—Potter Democrat.

He Used an Ax.

Saturday afternoon about four o'clock Reden Swearer an employe of the glass plant, while in an intoxicated condition, drove his wife from his home near the plant threatening her life. She took refuge in the house of a neighbor. Swearer in the meantime took an ax and proceeded to make kindling wood of the furniture. He also broke most of the dishes, flowerpots and other articles of the kind around the house. When neighbors attempted to interfere he gave them notice that he would kill anyone who entered the house. Police-man Andrew Aigrean was summoned and placed the man under arrest. He was brought before Justice of the Peace W. W. Thompson and given a hearing about eight thirty Saturday evening.

He was bound over to court and upon refusing to give bail was placed in the county jail to await trial.—Potter Democrat.

We are of the opinion that he is the Swearer who formerly lived in Smethport.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve—DeWitt's is the original. Be sure you get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. It is good for cuts burns and bruises, and especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition. One dress form as good as new. Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

We do not know of any other pill that is as good as DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills—small, gentle, pleasant and sure pills with a reputation. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Wanted—A competent girl for general house work. Good wages to right party. Inquire at Fry & Comes store.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gilfillan. Best in the market.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE TRUE HEIR.

How the Old Mansion Was Turned Into a Real Home.

By ALICE VAN ZAARN.

[Copyright, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.]

The old house, with its coat of fresh paint, gleamed among its magnificent elms in the bright August sunshine. In two upstairs front rooms Priscilla stood before the mirror giving a last critical look at herself. Her hair was done high on her head in a style of bygone days, and an ancient shell comb was at the back. Her dress was a gorgeous brocaded silk which had belonged to her great-great-grandmother. It had never been altered, and it fitted her tall, straight figure to perfection.

"There," she said, "I guess that will do. Now I will sit down and wait till they come."

She went over to one of the west windows and sat where she could look down the long drive. Her face was alight with joy. This was the happiest day of her life. It was what she had looked forward to and worked for.

As she sat waiting for her expected guests her mind traveled back over the years then to find up to this day, which seemed to her to be the fulfillment of all the hopes.

She remembered how when she was a little girl an "Aunt" with her grandmother in the house she could see from where she sat she had looked with awe up to the mansion which stood on the hill, and all the stories she cared to hear hung on it was the old house.

She remembered how she could tell her many stories of the old place, of the young people who had lived there and made it gay with their happy voices, of the noted general who courted and married his tall bride there and of the sad times that came when the young people all went away, and the old folks grew feeble and died and the old house fell into ill repair.

Priscilla remembered how she teased and teased till her grandmother took her to see the man and his wife who lived as caretakers in three or four rooms in the ell. After that she used to slip away to see them, and they got to be fond of her and let her roam over the house at will.

When she got to be eighteen she determined to earn money enough to buy the old place and restore it. The owner took her offer, and it was going to destroy it. It seemed such a bad thing to [illegible] the blinds [illegible] and hydrangeas [illegible] eyes [illegible] tickets [illegible] wood. She would buy it and save it from ruin and it would stand there in all its old time dignity, a valuable historic land mark.

She told no one of her plan, but set about deciding on her work. She had always intended being a nurse, and this work would serve her purpose as well as any.

So by the time she was twenty-one she had finished her course at the training school, had taken her first case and deposited her first money in the bank toward buying the old place.

Then came a disappointment. The great-aunt for whom she was named sent for her to come and take care of her. Priscilla rebelled inwardly, for the old woman was crossgrained and miserly and grudged her the food she ate. But Priscilla knew that it was her last sickness, and she could not find it in her heart to leave her alone in her misery.

For two long years, therefore, she devoted herself to her kinswoman and gave her as good care as if she had been a wealthy, paying patient. And the aunt's disposition softened wonderfully at the last, and Priscilla confided her secret about the old house to her.

After her death there was a great surprise for Priscilla. Her aunt had left all her property to her. There was more than any one had suspected, and the will expressed the old lady's wish that Priscilla should use the money to buy and repair the old place on the hill.

After the place was actually bought there was much to be done. Carpenters and masons and painters were kept at work for weeks. The yard was made tidy and after that the inside of the house was cleaned and repaired.

It was in June that everything was done and Priscilla had moved her aunt's old fashioned furniture into the house. The old couple who had lived in the old cottage still lived there, and the woman was Priscilla's housekeeper.

Then Priscilla hoped that her legacy was greatly reduced and that she must go to work. So she went to nursing again with a light heart.

And now it was old home week, and as one feature of the occasion she had thrown open her house and was to read a paper to the guests telling some of the most interesting stories about the place. She had furnished the rooms as nearly as possible like what they had been when the family lived there. There was not a modern piece of furniture in the whole house, and she had even been able to procure some of the very articles that had once furnished it.

At last she saw her guests coming. She colored as she recognized one figure among the others. He was the only one of the old family name who had taken the least interest in the old place. To be sure, he was merely the great grandson of the last of the family to live there, and he had never seen it till this week. But he had taken an intense interest in what Priscilla had done, and somehow she had seen a good deal of him during the week.

Priscilla's heart beat high as she went slowly down the old staircase to meet her guests.

* * * * * * *

Richard looked uncertainly about the dim old room. In a moment his eyes became accustomed to the darkness and he went quickly over to where Priscilla crouched sobbing on the floor. Her old brocaded gown lay in folds about her, and the arm on which her head was bowed rested on the old chair by the fireplace.

"What has happened?" cried Richard in alarm. He lifted her gently to her feet, and for a moment she rested heavily against his shoulder. Then she drew away and sank into her chair.

"I am very sorry you found me this way," she said tremulously. "I—I thought you were gone and that I was all alone."

"Wait a minute," said the young man, with practical thoughtfulness, "till we have some light and then you must tell me what troubles you."

Priscilla sat silent. She could hear the low murmur of voices in the next room, where the housekeeper and her husband were. Richard lighted the candles on the high mantel and one on the table, then he drew his chair nearer and sat down facing Priscilla.

They were two striking figures in the dim setting of the old room. Both were very good to look upon, she in her gown of a century ago, he in modern dress.

"I suppose it is foolish," she said, "and hysterical and all that, but I couldn't help it. I was so happy this afternoon, and this is the reason."

"But what is it?" he asked, looking perplexed.

"It all seems so futile!" she cried. "You know how I have worked and planned to restore this house to what it was, but it is not the same. It was a home, but it is not now, and I cannot make it a home. Besides that, it seems now that I have done all I could, that I was presumptuous to undertake it. Every one seems to think I have done great things, but what right had I? Oh! she cried passionately, "why couldn't you have done it? You are one of the family!"

"Priscilla," he said, and she gave a little start and looked at him with dilated eyes.

"I understand how you feel, and I wish I had done it, but there is a better way than any in which you can make it a home and even bear the old family name." His face was very serious, and he looked at her with searching earnestness.

He rose to his feet and held out his arms. "Don't you understand, Priscilla?" he said in a thrilling voice.

And Priscilla understood and smiled at him through happy tears.

"IT ALL SEEMS SO FUTILE!" SHE CRIED.

A Splendid Bluff.

Sir Walter Besant is said to have once settled a disputed cab fare in a novel manner. He drove from Piccadilly to some place in the suburbs outside the radius. On getting down he tendered to the driver 3s. 6d., which was a little over the proper fare. The man, however, wanted 5 shillings. Besant refused.

"I'd like to fight you for it," said the driver.

"The very thing," said Besant, who had never in his life put on a boxing glove and was almost as ignorant as Pickwick even of the fighting attitude. "The very thing! Capital! We'll have the fight in the back garden. My brother will look on, hold the stakes and see fair."

The cabman got down slowly, as if he did not quite care about it after all. He followed into the garden, where there was a lovely bit of green turf. Besant placed the 5 shillings in his friend's hands, took off his coat and waistcoat and rolled up his sleeves, all with an air of cheerful alacrity.

"Now, my friend," said he, "I am ready as soon as you are." His anxiety was great, but it decreased as he watched the cabman's face express successively all the emotions of bounce, surprise, doubt, hesitation and abject cowardice.

"No, no," he said at last. "Gimme the three and six. I know your tricks, both of you. I've been done this way before!"—London Mail.

Solomon's Temple.

The temple of Jerusalem was built by King Solomon B. C. 1000 and was destroyed by King Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon B. C. 586. It was rebuilt by Zerubbabel B. C. 534 and partially destroyed by the Roman general Pompey in B. C. 63. It was rebuilt by King Herod B. C. 21 and was finally demolished by the Romans under Titus A. D. 70.

His Just Deserts.

Smith slapped Jones on the back.

"Hello, old chap!" he gurgled fatuously. "I'll wager $5a you don't recall me!"

Jones gave him an icy stare.

"You win!" he said, passing on.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Plenty of It.

"What was the fruit of your wife's millinery hunt?"

"A peach basket hat trimmed with apples, peaches and grapes. Would you want more fruit than that?"—Baltimore American.

ESTHER'S ALTERNATIVES.

When the Test Came It Was Not Difficult to Choose.

By W. BERT FOSTER.

"And now, Jack, what can I do? He follows me everywhere, and he stands around and ogles me with that detestable 'baby stare' of his, and—and you're laughing, Jack! You are as mean as you can be to laugh when I come to you for advice!"

Esther stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby leaned against the veranda railing and watched her with amused eyes.

"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I can appreciate the irritation poor Hallowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A world of emphasis entered into the word. "And just because I was foolish enough to let him propose to me!" she wailed.

"Well, of course," Jack said slowly, "you must expect to have your scalps cost you a little something, Essie."

"He doesn't say anything!" exclaimed the girl. "If he did, it would give me a chance to tell him what I think of his dogging my footsteps everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of 'the villain still pursued her,'" Ormsby said. "What do you want me to do, Essie—call him out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar! I don't want you to do anything but tell me what to do to get rid of him."

Jack was almost the only man she knew well who had not proposed to her. Men had fallen before her charms, had said their little piece, and some said it rather well, she had to admit to herself, and gone their way, and until now no man had really been able to trouble her seriously.

"Do think of something, Jack," she pleaded. "It's been three months now since he—he—"

"Since he said the momentous words which made him—not yours, oh?" And Ormsby laughed, but his hands trembled as he shifted the cane a little.

"Don't be absurd! He doesn't want me any more than other men do."

"Whew! Your service conceit is certainly charming, Essie."

"Don't be spiteful. You know it's true," she said calmly. "Any woman with fluffy hair and blue eyes can bring men to her feet. Only you don't get foolish and propose to me, Jack."

"No, I don't propose to you," he said, quite calmly.

"And that's why I like you."

"Then I'll try not to make you dislike me. But what can I do to poor Hallowell? A cat may look at a king." But Esther interrupted snappishly.

"That's no reason why a calf should look at me all the time!"

"Poor girl! You're finding it mighty hard getting away from the consequences of your own sin, eh?"

"What sin have I committed?" she demanded, with conscious innocence. "Is it a sin to refuse to marry a man you don't want?"

"No-o. But how about—well, not exactly leading him on to proposing—but—"

She favored him with a frigid look. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly. "You expect plain talk from people whose advice you ask, don't you? No man will ever ask a woman to marry him if she doesn't give him the opportunity."

"That is different, but such remarks as you are making now are hardly in the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see that there's much you can do," he drawled, and his eyes began to twinkle. "There seem to be but two courses to pursue, and two only—"

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the runabout!" suddenly cried Esther, clapping her hands and springing up. "Are you going to take me to ride, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for, but your tale of woe about knocked it out of my head."

The negro from the stable leaped out and held the big bay's head. Esther ran down to the gate, forgetting the beruffled parasol lying on the veranda. Ormsby followed lazily.

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jackson?" he asked, pulling on a glove and looking at Sultan, who danced charmingly to the accompaniment of little squeals of delight from Esther.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."

"Hop in, Essie," Ormsby said, holding out his hand to assist her. Then he added, "Speaking of angels, there's Hallowell now."

A fresh faced young fellow cantered by on a fine horse and lifted his hat seriously. A little way beyond he pulled in the animal and dismounted as though he would come back to speak to the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther under her breath. "What shall I do to get rid of him, Jack? You said there were two ways. What are they?"

"Well," and Ormsby buttoned the glove slowly and put one foot on the step of the runabout, "you might marry him to get rid of him."

"No, thank you!" she exclaimed, pouting and tossing her head. Then she started, and looked toward the house. "Oh, Jack, my parasol! I shall want it."

Ormsby had already leaned forward to seize the reins. He glanced at the colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol is on the veranda, Jackson," he said.

The man dropped Sultan's bridle. Like a flash the bay threw up his head and started.

The lines had not been quite within Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from the step. He made a leap to reach the carriage, but Sultan swung into a long stride on the instant and fairly snatched the runabout from under his master's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Essie!" Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant and seized the lines before they slipped over the dashboard to dangle about Sultan's heels and drive him mad with terror. But the horse knew instantly that an unfamiliar hand held the reins, and he increased his trot to a gallop.

Esther told herself that she would not be frightened, and she drew the lines in firmly and said "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoaing" just then. There was a long stretch of dusty, sunlit road before him, and he seized the bit in his strong teeth and bolted. He flew by Hallowell's mount with a rush and set that creature to dancing. Hallowell hung on to the leather and stared with round eyes after the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increased when a second whirlwind reached him. Ormsby went at him as though he was playing football.

He snatched the bridle from Hallowell's hand, and that young man was sent rolling in the dust as Jack leaped astride and set the now frightened animal after the bolting Sultan.

The road for a mile was clear, but where it joined the boulevard beyond Ormsby knew the runaway would burst into a tangle of carriages of all descriptions and the end would be serious. He didn't know much about the soundness of Hallowell's mount, but he would have made an asthmatic old car horse do stunts just then.

Like the wind he rode, and his mount's nose soon came up to Esther's shoulder. Foot by foot he gained on Sultan, and then with a swift dive Ormsby seized the reins, which Esther had continued to cling to with all her little might. A strong pull on both horses and Sultan instantly recognized the fact that all his fun was over.

He slowed down and in half a block and just before the junction with the boulevard stopped was gentle as a lamb. For a minute they gazed at each other.

"Well," Ormsby said at last, "you came near escaping the pursuit of the villain that time, Essie, for good and all."

Esther's eyes grew luminous. "And you dared suggest that I marry him!" she said, catching her breath.

"Well, you know there was an alternative."

"And that is?" still looking at him.

"That you might marry me to get rid of him. That that would be effectual, wouldn't it?"

Another breathless silence, and then Esther murmured, "Well, Jack, dear, we might try it."

Disregard of Gold.

"An artist should despise money," said the man with the white hat and pointed whiskers.

"Yes," answered the one with the velvet coat and big necktie. "I'd like to get hold of enough to enable me to give a practical demonstration of my scorn."—Washington Star.

Defined.

"What do they mean by parlor socialism?"

"Giving everybody an equal chance at the boarding house piano."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Exercise and Eating.

There can be no exercise without eating. Neither can there be any eating without exercise.—Good Health.

BEARS GENERALLY JOLLY.

But Sometimes One Comes Along With a Settled Grouch.

"Rarely are bears born ill tempered. They may show some resentment at the time of their capture when but two months old, but this feeling soon disappears, leaving a jolly rogue ever willing to box and wrestle. I once knew a cub that was a regular terror," says a writer in Collier's, "and he never reformed. He would attack anything regardless of its size or strength.

"At the age of three months he would charge at me, snorting, sniffing and striking with his tiny paws, and when I did not protect myself he seized my trousers leg between his teeth and shook it violently.

"At first I thought that he had been abused by his former owner and that by kind treatment he would soon outgrow his temper; but, no, he just had it in him, and he became more and more dangerous as time sped by.

"Finally he grew large enough to be put in with the mature bears without danger of his squeezing between the bars and escaping, and to the surprise of every one he immediately took charge of the den. Six bears twenty times his size, possibly from some sense of honor, if animals have honor, submitted to cuffs and slaps in the face and actually allowed him to snatch food from their mouths without resenting the insult."

A GOOD YARN.

How a Ship at Sea Would Have Foundered; But—

He was a sailor, an old sailor, therefore a good story teller.

"Well," he was saying, "we were jogging along down under, when a typhoon struck us, and the very first gush of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course."

"No, sir. The water began rushing in, and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash, and a bolt struck the fore topgallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to drylock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."

Not Included.

The children belonging to a family living in a certain rural district heard that their father had that day been elected county sheriff and went home from school wild with excitement.

"Ma," one of them asked as the first wild transports subsided, "are we all sheriffs?"

"Of course not," returned the mother, with dignity. "It's only me and your pa." Woman's Home Companion.

Quite a Change.

"Peary is getting used to public speaking, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes. I remember when you could scarcely get him to stand up and [illegible] he'd talk to all day."

"I [illegible] It is the only [illegible] of a medical report. To be happy [illegible]" Culver.

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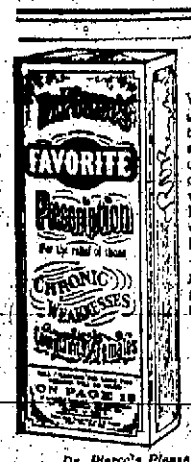

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 24, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The A. B. Armstrong drug store has a new advertisement to-day.

—On Wednesday of last week Mr. Fred S. Jane of Annin Creek and Miss Leona B. Sawyer of Port Allegany, and Mr. Clinton C. Cooper of Annin Creek and Miss Carrie B. Jane of Port Allegany were married at Portville, N. Y. It was a double wedding.

—Under the provisions of a recent law Gypsies who seek temporary camps in Pennsylvania must pay a license of fifty dollars. As the Gypsy dislikes to part with his money it is likely that most tribes which have rendezvoused in this state will trek into other commonwealths where the stern mandates of the law do not compel them to contribute of their filthy lucre to the support of the state.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald says: Sunday afternoon, just about a half hour after the close of services, the Presbyterian church building of this place was struck by lightning. The bolt appears to have connected up with the spire and on the way to the ground ripped off a few pieces of weatherboarding and perpetrated other slight damage. The residence of Victor Andrews, located on Anderson street, was also struck during the storm, but no damage sustained beyond the ripping of a few shingles from the roof.

—Fannie, wife of Miles Tupper, died at their home in Prentiss Vale, at about 6:30 o'clock this morning. She was 77 years of age and had been in poor health for several years, with a general breaking down. She is survived by her husband, three sons, Edwin of Olean, Frank and Willis of Prentiss Vale; three daughters, Mrs. Ellen Wright of Allegany, N. Y., Mrs. Myrtle Hitchler and Mrs. Nettie Fries of Franklinville, N. Y.; and her mother, Mrs. Pisor, living in Union Valley, near Olean, at the advanced age of 114 years. Arrangements for the funeral have not been made as we go to press.—Eldred Eagle.

—Note the change in the advertisement of Wells' Pharmacy.

—On Saturday a tried and true bicycle owned by C. L. Douglass was stolen from its owner's grist mill in the Sixth ward. Mr. Douglass had traveled many miles on the trusty steel steed that was filched and is anxious for its recovery. It may have been borrowed as a joke, but Mr. Douglass fails to see any joke in the incident and has asked the police to recover the bicycle.—Bradford Star-Record.

—The William K. King homestead of 200 acres located at the mouth of Kings Run, one mile below Ceres, Pa., was sold yesterday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Mrs. Ada Curtis and Omer Curtis of Oakdale, Pa. The property was in the King family for three generations and in pioneer days the King home was one of the best known in McKean county. The farm was carved out of a pine forest more than a century ago and was purchased direct from the land office. The Kings for two generations were surveyors and represented the land office in hundreds of important real estate transactions in this county.

—At the solicitation of our pink compositor we reprint the following from an exchange: The red-headed man at last is vindicated. Judge Kyle, a police court Solomon of Kansas City, is the man who has lifted the ban. A few days ago a prisoner was brought before him on a charge of robbery, and naturally protested his innocence. Judge Kyle discharged him at once, saying: "I believe your story. Your red hair is your salvation. During the three years I have presided over this court I have had only six red-haired men before me. None was found guilty." And there you are! The color scheme of the right-eous is the tint of brick.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always follow a weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Read, Clermont.

A SMALL BLIND TUBE

The Vermiform Appendix and Its Probable Function.

PROBLEM OF APPENDICITIS.

The Causes of the Disease and the Methods of Fighting It—The Way the Operation of Removal Is Performed—Disease as Old as Mankind.

Appendicitis is not a disease of modern times, though its nature and methods of treatment are the result of careful observation by one of our well known modern surgeons while engaged in postmortem work.

It may be safe to say that appendicitis is as old as mankind, for in studying very old histories wherein are given the diagnoses of the physicians we read of cases of inflammation of the bowels, intestinal disorders and like ailments the symptoms of which prove that they must have been appendicitis.

Appendicitis is inflammation of the vermiform appendix, a small blind tube, averaging two and a half inches in length and a quarter of an inch in diameter, attached to the cecum at its inner and posterior part. It is made of a very sensitive mucous membrane containing several glands.

The appendix is part of the digestive tract, its function, it is believed, being to lubricate that part of the intestines, though as yet there is no absolute proof of this. Careful study of a child from whom the colon has been removed until he reaches the age of manhood has revealed no irregularities of any nature.

The causes of this disease may be grouped under four heads—stenosis, which means closing up; impaction, the entrance of foreign bodies, not necessarily seeds; exposure and injury. In fighting this disease nature takes three methods of disposing of the toxic materials discharging them into the peritoneal cavity, sending them into the bowels and discharging them through an external wound. In the first, if the discharge be not too rapid while the peritoneum is taking them up, nature again makes an effort to ward off the threatened danger by walling the poisonous matters in, thus localizing them and so aiding the physician or surgeon in his work. If, however, the discharge be sudden, as is the case when the mass bursts, the whole of the peritoneum becomes involved, which is called septic peritonitis, and this is generally fatal.

After the diagnosis has revealed the disease the doctor decides whether the case be one for medicine or external treatment or for separation. In the latter case the greatest of care is demanded, as sometimes an immediate operation is necessary, while at other times it must be delayed, often for hours, until the condition of the patient has been brought to that point at which the surgeon can feel it is safe to go ahead.

The operation determined upon, the most careful arrangements to secure perfect antisepsis are made, and the patient is placed in a full state of anaesthesia.

The operating surgeon then draws an imaginary line from the navel to the anterior superior spine of the right hip bone, dividing that line into three parts. Under the inner side of the middle third the appendix in normal cases will be found, though in rare cases it has been found on the left side and in extremely rare cases otherwise displaced.

Having satisfied himself of the exact spot under which it will be found, an incision from two to five inches long is made in the skin. (Some of the best surgeons pride themselves on the smallness of their incisions in this operation.) The fatty tissues are then cut through, the small blood vessels are secured, and then the muscular walls of the abdomen are separated, bringing into view the peritoneum. This is a serous secretive lining composed of two layers. On cutting through this the edges of both layers are clamped so as to enable the surgeon to reunite them when the operation shall have been completed.

The intestines are now visible, and the affected section is very tenderly drawn through the opening, where the nature and extent of the infection are made known. Hot towels moistened with salt water are kept applied to the intestine while it is exposed. The word "tenderly" characterizes the whole of this operation, as the surgeon must be more than careful to prevent any rupture of the appendix, for should this happen while he is operating the pus would be quickly taken up by the peritoneum and other mucous membranes, and the resulting complications would make the outcome very uncertain.

The mesentery, a large vessel adjoining the appendix, is next ligated, and then the colon is tied off, after which the diseased organ is cut away. The stump is pushed back into the intestine and the ligature is tightly drawn, this to prevent the forming of a pouch.

The removal safely accomplished, the intestine is replaced, the edges of the peritoneum are carefully approximated and the muscular walls, fatty tissue and skin are brought together by subcutaneous and cutaneous sutures.

In the majority of cases, no complications ensuing, the patient is ready for discharge in two weeks.—James M. Smyth, M. D., in New York World.

There is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.—Aurelius.

Johnnie's Logic.

"Dad," said the victim of the paternal palm, "you're awfully cruel."

"Why so, son?"

"'Cause you don't lick me oftener."

"What's that?"

"If you licked me oftener I'd get tougher and it wouldn't hurt so much."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LOOKING AND SEEING

There Is a Marked Difference Between These Two Acts.

THE POWER OF OBSERVATION

It Should Be Cultivated Even in the Most Ordinary Things—A Faculty That Is Possessed by All, but That Is Developed by the Few.

It is the hope and desire of all parents that their children shall make some sort of a mark in the world when they grow up. They do not in the majority of cases expect that their offspring will become famous and make names that will live for ages, but they cherish the thought that they will be successful men and women in some profession or business. That is the keynote—that success shall be their portion.

Yet it is a fact that most parents neglect or pay very little attention to one part of the child's education which is of the highest importance. They do not train the perceptive faculties.

Power of observation will help you more than anything else in your struggle for existence, and yet there are comparatively few people who are keen observers. One small fact will prove this latter statement. The man who observes everything, he who sees everything he looks at, is singled out either as an inquisitive person or a clever one, and this shows that he is an exception.

It is easy to give instances of this lack of perception even in the ordinary things of life. Some years ago an artist engaged in a London firm of printers had to draw an advertisement in which the central figure was a cock in the act of crowing. Nothing seemed easier, but when he set to work the artist found himself confronted by a difficulty—does the cock show its tongue prominently when it crows? Every one of the hundred men employed by the firm had seen a cock crow scores of times, yet not one of them could answer the question. The artist had to go to a friend who kept fowls and chase the poor rooster round and round the yard until it crowed.

A schoolmaster, wishing to test the perception of his boys, asked them how many times they had seen a cow or pictures of that animal and found, as he had expected, that all the boys had seen the creature more times than they could remember. Then he offered to give small prizes to the boys who could correctly answer this question: "Are a cow's ears above, below, in front of or behind its horns?" Only two boys gained prizes, and their answers were guesswork.

Now sit down and test yourself in some such simple manner. You have all seen a horse "down." Can you describe how it does? Does it get up on its fore feet first and then on its hind feet, or does it kneel first, then get on its hind feet and finally on its fore feet?

However, you need not confine yourself to the animal kingdom in testing your perceptive faculties. Many subjects will suggest themselves to you.

As an excuse for this want of observation it is often urged that "a man can't know everything," but the excuse is a bad one. There is a great difference between knowing little or nothing and knowing everything. When the faculty has been trained it requires no more effort to note the points of the object looked at than it does to glance at that same object and come away none the wiser.

The chances of success in life are on the side of the man who knows certain things because he has learned about them by using his senses instead of having to go to a book for all that he wishes to know. Books are indispensable, as there are so many things which cannot come within the range of our observation, but wherever possible we should use our senses to acquire knowledge at first hand.

This will explain why men who cannot read or write have built up substantial businesses. They have made use of the power possessed by all, but cultivated by very few.

The perceptive faculty must be trained during childhood and youth. After the completion of the twentieth year very little progress can be made. A grown man is unable to develop his powers of observation to any satisfactory degree. Youth is full of energy, and that is the time to inculcate the lesson that we should see all that our eyes rest upon.

It should be the object of every parent to teach his child to note every object that comes in his way. When out for a walk in a park the child should be told to observe the shapes of the leaves on the different trees, the paling of the color of animals toward the under part of the body, and so on, and should be told that when asked a question on the subject he must be prepared to say that it is so, not that he thinks it is.

All children have inquiring minds, and after a walk or two, coupled with such instruction as we have mentioned, you will find the child making great progress and acquiring a quality that will be invaluable in after life.

One of the methods adopted by Houdin, the conjurer, for quickening the perception of his son was to make him walk rapidly past a shop window or a stall on which a number of articles were displayed and then write down a list of the objects noticed. At first only half a dozen articles were perceived during the moment occupied in passing the store or window, but after having done it once a day for a month the boy was able to make a list of forty objects.—Pearson's Weekly.

In Great Fear.

Percival came running to his grandma one day asking for a drink of water. "Quick, quick, grandma," he said, "give me a drink of water! Quick!"

After he got his drink he said, "The reason that I was in such a hurry I thought I swallowed a worm while eating an apple, and I wanted to drown it."—Circle Magazine.

Absent All Around.

The absentminded professor returned home one evening and, after ringing his front doorbell for some time to no effect, heard the maid's voice from the second story window, "The professor is not in."

"All right," quietly answered the professor. "I'll call again." And he hobbled down the stone steps.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Exasperating.

"How is it that your wife gets you so sore at her? Does she henpeck you?"

"Quite the contrary, darn it!—When we have an argument and I prove that I am right she sighs meekly and says, 'Oh, well, my dear, have it your own way!'"—Cleveland Leader.

Hitting the Pike.

Gunner—Marathon races will be popular among all classes after a bit.

Guyer—How about the wealthy class that can ride in automobiles?

Gunner—Oh, with them Marathons will furnish a good excuse for footing it home when the machines break down.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Congenial.

Mrs. Purser—Is it true that you have applied for a divorce?

Mrs. Verser—Yes.

Mrs. Purser—Upon what grounds?

Mrs. Verser—Incompatibility of temperament. He is a poet, you know, and I like to eat at least once a day.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Arithmetically Demonstrated.

"A man should sleep at least eight hours a day."

"It can't be done," answered the weary looking citizen, "not when one of your neighbors runs a phonograph till midnight and another keeps a rooster that crows at 5 a. m."—Washington Star.

Better Name.

"A great many so called strap hangers are rarely so fortunate as to get hold of a strap."

"Yes; lots of 'em have to clutch each other's garments for support and in reality are only coat tuckers."—Kansas City Times.

Stung Again.

"I don't believe in hiding my light under a bushel," remarked young Sapleigh.

"You would be foolish to do so," rejoined Miss Slasher, "when a pint cup would more than hide it."—Chicago News.

But Not Crooked Ones.

"These suburban gardeners with their airs make me tired. They are a disreputable lot, anyway."

"How so?"

"Aren't they all professed rooters and grafters?"—Baltimore American.

So Shy!

"Where do you live, my lass?"

"Two-tree! No. 411 Seventh street, but mamma don't allow gentlemen to call on me jest yet."

The Deliberate Shopper.

"Would you advise me to buy this?" asked the shopper.

"Madam," replied the conscientious clerk wearily, "I really would not. It has gone out of style since you began looking at it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes made from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McLean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday June 24, 1909.

YESTERDAY morning an explosion of gas occurred in mine No. 4, of the Lackawanna Coal & Coke company at Worthum, near Johnstown, which has already cost the lives of 17 men and may result in the death of four or five others. Thirteen of the more seriously injured were taken to the Spangler hospital this morning. They are all suffering from burns and bruises, many of them being terribly injured. Four or five are regarded as having little chance for recovery.

LAST year Mrs. Russell Sage gave away, of the fortune left to her by her husband, the immense sum of $16,000,000. Now she has perfected plans for giving away $50,000,000 in five years. Her method is to insure workingmen's lives without cost to them. She has a fortune of $95,000,000, to get rid of and is making rapid progress. She expects to be comparatively a very poor woman in the course of the next 10 years—should she live that length of time. In Mrs. Sage's beneficitions true charity is being exercised. She is not seeking earthly fame or glory. Her name is not to be chiseled over the doors of public institutions. Mrs. Sage is aiming to provide widows and orphans with means of sustenance and her benefactions will be of estimable benefit in the years to come to many thousands of bereaved families.

ROBERT F. BAKER of No. 119 Madison Avenue, Patterson, N. J., is at work perfecting an invention whereby he claims that he has solved the problem of controlling centrifugal force. This has been the aim of scientists time immemorial. To control this powerful agent means to attain a forward motion without a backward thrust, which is practically against all laws of nature. Baker has already placed his machine on an automobile that had been devised of all mechanism and the car was made to move.

But it is with reference to aerial navigation that Baker intends to use his invention. He figures that there is no limit to what can be accomplished when he gets it perfected and when seen by a reporter talked earnestly about traveling a million miles an hour at an altitude of a thousand miles had been reached. Here he thinks there will be no friction from air resistance. He figures in Mars and other points in the trip and says that especially arranged tanks of air can furnish outside pressure and thus save a person from being killed by the rarity of the atmosphere. A dozen men have already interested themselves in the invention and may be heard from later.

"Do not be surprised," the inventor said, "if you find me traveling in a few months from New York to Chicago in an hour and a half."

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The President and the Attorney General have completed the draft of the proposed amendment on the net earnings of corporations, and have submitted it to Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee. Some time was spent by the Committee in considering the draft, and the advisability of placing a minimum limitation in the bill, was discussed, so that corporations whose net earnings were less than the stipulated amount would not be required to pay any tax. No decision, however, was reached and no such change will be made unless it commends itself to the President and his legal advisers. There is every indication that the tax on corporations will be added to the tariff bill without difficulty and without prolonged debate and that it will receive the almost unanimous support of both parties. Mr. Taft is greatly in earnest in his advocacy of this tax and is urging all Senators to get into line with the organization and vote for it, and the concensus of opinion is that the President's recommendation will actually hasten the enactment of the tariff law.

The Democrats are endeavoring to devise some scheme by which a direct vote on the income tax proposition can be obtained, and also, a method by which they can get some credit for the tax on the net earnings of corporations. In the recent discussion on this subject, Senator Daniel recalled the fact that early in the debate he offered an amendment providing for a tax on the gross earnings of corporations, and he hopes to show that the President's proposition is merely a modification of his method of raising revenue. Mr. Bailey has declared his determination to obtain a direct vote on his income tax amendment, either in committee of the whole or in Senate, but some of the Democrats are urging him to withdraw his amendment so that he can offer it later as a substitute for the Taft corporation tax proposition. The objection is made, however that even if they do succeed in getting a direct vote on the income amendment it will command less, by eleven votes, than the majority.

The policy to be pursued by the present administration through the State Department in the conduct of the foreign affairs of the United States has been most explicitly defined by Senator Knox, this week. This policy is to promote the commercial and trade interests of this country with the foreign nations of the world as extensively as possible, and in dealing with these nations the administration will adopt such measures as seem certain most effectively to promote the growth of foreign trade and under conditions most satisfactory to American business interests. The Secretary of State has announced that the aid which the department has been giving to American business interests in securing a portion of the Chinese loan for the Hankow & Sze-Chuen Railway has been successful. The department is informed that the agents of the foreign banking interests in China have recommended to their principals that United States bankers receive a share in the loan; and that the Chinese government has expressed its pleasure at having the United States assist in capitalizing its enterprises. Secretary Knox takes it for granted that American bankers will be asked to subscribe one-fourth of the loan of $27,500,000, which is being floated by the Chinese government, and the State Department will assist the Americans in securing a fair share of engineers to work on "the railroad," and will endeavor, also, to effect the purchase in this country of at least one-fourth of the machinery required. According to Huntington Wilson, the Assistant Secretary of State, it is well known that the appointment of American engineers in China is extremely important from a commercial point of view, particularly because they are in a position to recommend the purchase of American material for construction work.

Another step in the campaign of the State Department to further American commercial interests, is the encouragement of the scheme to establish a series of banks in South American countries. While Secretary Knox considers South America not so fertile a field as China and the Orient, he expects this movement will result in an appreciable increase in American trade. China, however, he believes to be the country to which American must look as a vast market for its raw products and manufactures.

The Indian service is being subjected to a general "shaking up" by the Secretary of the Interior, and already a half dozen officials in the field are under investigation with the prospect that one of them may go to the penitentiary. A number who have used their places to further their own ends at the expense of the Indians are to be dismissed, and the entire field service is to be subjected to a rigid investigation this summer.

Ordinance No. 81.

An Ordinance Relating to Sidewalk Grades on Main Street between Hill Street and Washington Street, in Smethport Borough.

Section 1. Be it enacted and it is hereby ordained by the Burgess and the Council of the Borough of Smethport, that: Hereafter the inner edges of sidewalks on Main street, between Hill street and Washington street, shall be two feet from the property line and the slope shall be one inch in five feet towards the curb. All elevations taken from the old 50 foot bench mark stone monument situate at the intersection of East Main and Water streets.

The sidewalks on the northerly side shall be as follows: Beginning at an elevation of 73.0 feet at the curb on the west side of Hill street; thence descending on a grade of one foot per hundred feet for a distance of 315 feet to an elevation of 71.65 feet at the curb on the east side of Mechanic street.

Thence beginning at an elevation of 74.8 feet on the curb on the west side of Mechanic street; thence descending on a grade 1.40 feet per hundred feet for a distance of 317 feet to an elevation of 70.29 feet at the east curb on Union street.

Thence beginning at the curb on the west side of Union street at an elevation of 70 feet; thence ascending on a grade of 2.0 feet per hundred feet for a distance of 328 feet to an elevation of 76.2 feet at the east curb of Franklin street.

Thence beginning at the west curb of Franklin street at an elevation of 87.60 feet; thence ascending 2.0 feet per hundred feet for a distance of 200 feet to an elevation of 92.42 feet at the east line of Fulton street.

Thence beginning at the west curb of Fulton street at an elevation of 93.04 feet; thence ascending 1.40 feet per hundred feet for a distance of 300 feet to an elevation of 96.52 feet at the east curb of State street.

Thence beginning at the west curb of State street at an elevation of 96.50 feet; thence ascending 0.5 feet per hundred feet for a distance of 300 feet to an elevation of 98.1 feet at the east curb of Church street.

Thence beginning at the west curb of Church street at an elevation of 98.1 feet; thence ascending 1.6 feet per hundred feet for a distance of 305 feet to an elevation of 103.0 feet at the east curb of Washington street.

The inner edge of the sidewalks on the south side of the street shall be 2 inches above the curb and conform to the grade of the curb.

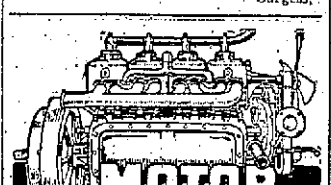
Provided, that it shall always be within the power of the Street Committee of said Borough, to alter or modify said grades, whenever in their opinion, the circumstances of the case shall require it.

Sect. 2 All Ordinances or parts of Ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

E. E. HEATH,
President of Council.

Attest:
F. H. BIEVER,
Secretary.

Approved this 10th day of June, A. D. 1909.
S. H. CLEVELAND,
Burgess.



MOTOR GASOLINE

Treat your machine right by using the right gasolines.

WAVERLY
76°—
MOTOR—
STOVE—

Three special grades. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Give instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion. Positively will not form carbon deposits on spark plugs or in cylinders. Ignites readily—never fails. Ask your dealer.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Oil Refiners
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE
COUGH SYRUP

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
—TO—
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.
July 9, 23, August 6, 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 4:58 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD,
Passenger Traffic Manager.
GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE!
FOR 21 DAYS,
Of Clothing of all kinds, and Gents' furnishing goods and shoes of all kinds.
This Sale begins JUNE 19th; continues until JULY 13th

I have been overstocked with all kinds of merchandise—more than is necessary to keep for the town, and I will sell this merchandise for 60 cents on a dollar to dispose of the goods. I want the money to invest in something else. Here you are!

125 Men's Suits, well made, of Cashmere and Worsted, that were from $7.50 and $8.50, at this sale only $4.65 per suit. 100 Men's Suits of Fancy Worsteds in all colors, the best made, that were from $10.50 to $12.50, at this sale only $7.48. 150 Men's Suits of all wool worsted in all colors, tailor made, that were from $13.50 to $16.00, at this sale only $9.75 per suit. 90 Men's Suits, in all wool Black Thibet and all wool Blue Serge and Imported Broadcloth that were from $17 to $18, at this sale only $9.95 per suit. 100 Youths' suits, size 15 to 20, in all colors, that were from $8 to $9, at this sale only $4.98. 150 Boys' suits, size 9 to 16, all colors, that were from $2.50 to $3.50, at this sale only $1.25 and $1.95 per suit. 250 Boys' suits that were from $3.75 to $5.00, at this sale only $2.25 and $2.95 per suit. 460 pair Men's best working pants that were from $1.25 to $1.35, at this sale only 69 cents per pair. 850 pair Men's pants in Cashmere, fancy Worsted, that were from $2.25 to $2.75, at this sale only, goes $1.65 and $1.95 per pair. 275 pair pants of all wool Cashmere and all wool Worsted, that were from $4.50 to $5.50, at this sale only $1.98 and $2.98 per pair. 75 dozen best Men's working shirts in all colors, that were from 50 to 60 cents, at this sale only 39 cents each. 150 dozen Men's fine dress shirts with or without the collars, that were from 50c to $1.00, at this sale only 39 cents each. 100 dozen Men's fine all silk neckties in all styles and colors that were from 25 to 50 cents, at this sale only 19 cents each. 75 dozen Men's fine dress hose in black and brown that were from 18 to 20 cents per pair, at this sale only 9 cents per pair or 3 for 25 cents. All shoes in Men's, Ladies', Boys', Youths' and Children's, 35 per cent. less than the regular price. Hats and caps will be sold at very low prices. These goods are all new goods and the latest and up-to-date.

NOTICE:—Don't forget this sale commences the 19th day of JUNE and lasts until JULY 13th, 1909. You have no idea how much merchandise you will get for little money. Thanking you for past favors, I remain,

Yours truly,

MAX SCHOOLAR, Proprietor,
Main Street, Reilly Block, Opposite Commercial House,
SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

Nice Investment in Standing Timber For Sale Right.

We offer for sale a tract of hemlock and hardwood timber located in Haskill Valley, 6 miles from Weston's Mill, N. Y., down hill haul. Estimated as follows:

240,000 thrifty hemlock,
10,000 fine oak,
90,000 maple and beech,
10,000 basswood, cherry, etc.

350,000

And lot of chemical wood.

Hemlock is mainly tall second growth. Logging conditions are good, timber stands on about 40 acres, close to creek and site. Six years to remove hemlock, ten years to remove hardwood. This is a good buy for investment or to cut off at once. Price $2,500. Write to telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

McCALL PATTERNS 10c AND 15c NONE HIGHER
McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50c A YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

McCALL PATTERNS
Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More and than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—million a month. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, dressmaking, millinery, plain sewing, fancy needlework, hairdressing, etiquette, good stories, etc. Only 50 cents a year (worth double); including a free pattern. Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.

WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS to Agents. Postal brings premium catalogue and new cash prize offers. Address

THE McCALL CO., 238 to 246 W. 37th St., NEW YORK

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

DeWITT'S CARBOLIZED WITCH HAZEL SALVE For Piles, Burns, Sores.

LADIES' OXFORDS
—IN—
Russia Calf
Tan Vici
and
Pat. Colt
—Is the Bill at—
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE
FOR THIS WEEK

$3.25 $3.25
NIAGARA FALLS
Five-Day Excursion From NEWTON
SATURDAY, JUNE 26, '09
Train leaves NEWTON 3:01 p. m.
BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RAILWAY

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.	
Banking House	$ 19,004.71
Bonds	187,413.00
Loans	570,389.87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.17
	$888,844.16
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	$300,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	457,143.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,
Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.
Give me a call.
Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Chas. M. Provin
has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK
A share of your patronage is solicited.
Chas. M. Provin

FARMERS,
Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!
Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,
and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

EDGAR W. STRONG
When you think of
STOVES
think of
STRONG'S
I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES
We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one tha runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.
KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Rock C.L. World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Phila.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE

The Lindhom Company

Women's Stylish Tailored Suits

$14.00 values now	$9.50
22.50 " "	16.75
25.00 " "	18.50
27.50 " "	20.00
35.00 " "	25.00

Wonderful Waists for Little Money

That's what the women say of our waists. See them yourself. Priced from 75c up.

Warm weather Gowns and Suits

These are a new line and we assure you that we have exerted every effort to show you the most popular garments. White and colored dresses, ready to wear, neat, cool and inexpensive, but they are just it.

Priced from $3.50 to $13.50.

Suits $5.00 to $12.00.

Wash Dresses and Jumper Suits $3.50 to $6.50.

White Wash Skirts $1.25 and up.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

HOSE that is Guaranteed, Satisfactory and Cheap

For sale

at

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 24, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See J. C. Hamlin's advertisement in this issue.

—A big special sale of rugs is advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—The Northern Condensed Milk Co. of Condersport has gone into voluntary bankruptcy.

—The hose advertisement of Daly & Garlick should be interesting to gardeners and others.

—Hon. James A. McKean is having a new porch placed on his residence on East Main street.

—The paving of Main street is progressing very slowly at present for some unknown reason.

—Miss Lula Goodrich is at the Bradford hospital where she expects to undergo an operation.

—A new cement walk has been started in front of the Hungerford property in the Grand Central block.

—The Pennsylvania editors (who can afford it) and their wives are enjoying their annual outing in Canada this week.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will hold a cooked food sale in the basement of the parish house on Saturday at 2 o'clock.

—In another column will be found a borough ordinance relating to sidewalk grades, which should interest most of our readers.

—Mt. Alton will celebrate the Fourth of July with a clam bake, ball game and dance. All who attend are assured a good time.

—Local oil news is rather scarce at present. Several wells are being drilled but nothing startling has developed in the past few days.

—A number of our local Shriners will attend the meeting of Jaffa Temple at Condersport on Friday, when a large class will be initiated

—Ethel Easton, aged ten years of West Pike, died at the Galeton hospital a few days ago from blood poisoning, caused from a stone bruise.

—The Hamlin Library will be closed Thursday of this week (to-day) and Tuesday and Thursday of next week, but will be open as usual on Saturday.

—Yesterday Holmes & Gilfillan placed a new plate glass window in The Lindholm Co.'s store in place of the one that was cracked during the fire of April 27.

—Members of the W. C. T. U. are requested to come to the meeting Wednesday, June 30, in the M. E. chapel, at the usual hour, prepared to sew. Visitors are invited.

—Knocking down or defacing country sign boards is now a serious matter, Gov. Stuart having signed the bill which makes the offense of removing or defacing index boards punishable by a fine of $25.

—Patrick H. Lavelle, proprietor of the Union House, underwent a surgical operation for appendicitis at the Bradford Hospital on Sunday. His condition is favorable for his recovery.—Bradford Era.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette have a new Pennsylvania automobile. It is the first car of that make brought into Smethport and appears to be a credit to its name. It is a five-passenger car and is very neat and trim in appearance.

—J. S. McCarthy is putting a new front in his meat market on Main street. He has also made arrangements for a new steel ceiling and sidewalls. When completed Mr. McCarthy will have an unusually neat market.

—There will be a special meeting of the Junior Auxiliary Friday afternoon, June 25th, at 3 o'clock at the Parish House. The members are requested to bring 10 cents and their own work. Light refreshments will be served.

—Wallace Arnold and Warren Strickland, two Jamestown men, are suspected of making counterfeit bills and passing them in that place. It is said that the bills, which are of the $1, $5 and $10 denomination, are poor imitations of the genuine.

—Mr. Hugh Dysart Cutler of Brandon, Manitobia, and Miss Janet Rose of Port Allegany were married at the home of the latter on Saturday, June 12. The bride has many friends in Smethport who wish her a long life of happiness.

—John Sweeney died at the County Home on Sunday after a prolonged illness from a complication of diseases. He was aged 60 years and had been an inmate for the past four years. He was a mill worker and had resided in the county for about ten years. His birthplace was at or near Philadelphia and it is said that he was stray sheep from an excellent family, although he would never tell anything about his past life or family history.

—A new cabin is soon to be erected at Frog Camp by E. T. Newman of Syracuse and S. F. Redfield of this place. Frog Camp is growing in popularity every year and it will not be long before that place will look like a young summer city.

—George Riley, a young man who was sent to Morganza reform school several years ago from Bradford, escaped from that institution last November and was captured in Bradford Sunday. He had only two months more to serve when he escaped, but now his term will will probably be prolonged.

—Harry Miller, an inmate of the county Home, died on Friday, aged 47 years, the cause of his death being a general breaking down of health followed by an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Miller formerly lived at Jersey Shore but has been in this county for ten years past, and at the County Home for two years.

—Mrs. Carrie Strang of Port Allegany was brought to this place on Saturday by Supt. Breneman and on Monday Commissioner, Devlin and Nurse O'Brien took her to the Warren hospital for the insane for treatment. Ordinarily she is perfectly peaceable but at times she becomes violent and it was thought best to send her away for treatment.

—As the result of a runaway accident at Hicks Run, near DuBois, on Monday, Charles Barr, aged 10 years, is dead, Mrs. Barr is probably fatally injured, William Barr was severely injured about the head and Squire Barr was slightly injured. The family was driving down a steep hill when the harness broke and the horse started to run, throwing the occupants out.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin gave a very pretty dinner at their home on West main street last evening in honor of Mr. Hamlin's 36th birthday. Covers were laid for 17 and a jollier party never broke bread together. May he live to be thrice thirty-six and ever have his better half with him is our sincere wish, and may he never neglect to celebrate such occasions.

—The foundation for the new brick shoe store of Anderson & Carlson has been started, John Carlson having charge of the work. The new structure will be a two story brick, a trifle narrower but longer than their former building. All of the first floor and basement will be used as a shoe store and on the second story there will be a desirable flat, which we understand will be occupied by Dr. F. C. Pierce.

—According to a decision handed down Friday by Judge Joseph W. Bouton of McKean county, presiding at the Crawford county courts, the city of Meadville owes the Crawford County Steel Railway company $1,500. The company brought suit against the city for the return of the payment of $1,000 for a right of way that was never used. The city refused to return the money and the suit was the result, the $500 being for interest.

—Senator F. E. Baldwin last Saturday attended the regular annual club meeting of the Pennsylvania Senators at Atlantic City. He reports a grand time, plenty to eat and lots to visit about. From there he went to Harrisburg as a delegate with Representative W. K. Sweetland to the Republican State convention. The latter went down Sunday night. Both returned Wednesday evening and took part in the last days of court.—Potter Enterprise.

—On Thursday last G. W. Eusign, assistant State Highway commissioner, Engineer Wynn of Warren and County Commissioners A. M. Marsh and J. P. Devlin inspected the macadamized roads of this county. The new road between Bradford and Rew City were accepted and repairs were authorized on the Foster Brook road. There are yet about 14,000 feet of the highway between Bradford and Rew hill to be macadamized and bids will be asked for this work within a short time. It is desired that it be started as soon as possible.

—The report comes from Emporium that trouble is expected when Joe Pagano is hung on Tuesday next. It is said that Italians from all over the country are swarming into Emporium and that a number have been arrested as suspicious characters. All who have been arrested have been armed, which indicates that there may be good grounds for the suspicions of the authorities that an attempt will be made to rescue Pagano. A squad of the State mounted police has been sent to Emporium to prevent any outbreak that may be attempted.

—A Warren dispatch dated June 21, says: Ferdinand Fischer who, last September, killed his brother-in-law, George Cook, at a vineyard in Erie county, and who, later upon trial, was found insane and brought to North Warren State hospital, escaped from that place last evening. Fischer, during his trial evinced little interest in it, and upon examination by alienists, convinced them that he was insane, last evening gave an exhibition of sagaciousness and clearmindedness that has about convinced the attendants and others that his conduct at the trial was nothing but simulation.

—Parents should be unusually careful about how they allow their children to use fireworks on July 4th. Every year the number of deaths and injuries to children through the careless handling of fireworks seems to increase and it can only be reduced by parents taking extreme care in preventing any carelessness on the part of their own children. By heeding this warning you may prevent your child from being a cripple for life or perhaps save his life. Is your child worth the trouble?

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Harry Marks is a Pittsburgh visitor this week.

W. L. Hammar was a business visitor in Bradford Monday.

Mrs. N. W. Heinemann of Colegrove was in town this week.

T. F. Mullin and son, Jack, of Bradford, were in town Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Capehart of Erie is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove.

Mrs. Geo. W. King and sister, Mrs. Lewis Ney are Buffalo visitors.

Miss Mary Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mrs. Jennie Tracy was the guest of relatives in town Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Golda and Noble Schoonmaker have returned home to spend the summer.

Walter Breneman and Carl Hector spent Sunday with friends in Port Allegany.

Mrs. L. D. Gifford is the guest of her daughter, Miss Theo, at Williamsport, Penna.

Judge Joseph W. Bouton and Sheriff W. H. Morrison were Bradford visitors on Monday.

Miss Cynthia Chapin of East Smethport is visiting relatives and friends at Williamsport.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned Friday from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Warren, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe are at Whitesville, N. Y., this week attending the Chapman reunion.

Mrs. E. V. Lewis returned to her home in Rochester, N. Y., after a short visit with relatives in this place.

Mrs. A. W. Colgrove, Elinorah and Alfa, departed Saturday for an extended visit with relatives in Chipmunk.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Hafner of Woolrich, Pa., are visiting relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity.

Miss Myrtle Thomas and Elmer Hopper of Port Allegany were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus visited Bradford Saturday afternoon in the former's car.

Miss Bessie Ortoson who has been a student at Lock Haven Normal School arrived home last night for the summer vacation.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick who has been the guest of friends in town for the past week returned to her home in Kane Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Hall of Lima, Ohio, are visiting this week at the home of Mr. Hall's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner, daughter, Mrs. C. C. Corwin and John Hafner were at Clermont Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Harry Hafner.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gallup and Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Gallup were entertained Sunday for dinner by Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Riley and Mrs. Bisett at Rosedale farm.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris left Tuesday afternoon for a visit to Medina, N. Y. Rev. Harris will return home on Saturday and Mrs. Harris will extend her visit for about two weeks.

Mrs. E. L. Webster, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. C. C. Powell for a long time, returned on Friday to her home in Elgin, Ill. This a pretty long trip for a lady of 88 years of age but she made the trip to Chicago alone, where she was met by her son.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

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We have added much to our reputation by selling such Shirts as the above, along with our splendid line of Suits, Hats, Shoes, &c.

Wm. Monheimer

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

ROOM SIZE RUGS

A particularly good opportunity to add to your stock of floor coverings is presented to you this week.

We have purchased at a considerable saving a very choice lot of Axminster, Velvet and Tapestry Rugs in sizes as follows:

8 ft. 3 in. x 10 ft. 6 in.; 9 ft. x 12 ft.;
11 ft. 3 in. x 12 ft.; 27 in. x 54 in.

Choice Oriental and Floral designs in rich colorings.

Prices $1.90 to $35.00.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

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...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

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McCoy's Drug Store

DAFFODILS IN TOWN.

They Brought Back Memories of Home and True Love.

By HENRIETTA CRAWFORD.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Everybody was sipping tea and nibbling cakes save Mildred. For her tea and cakes had no charm, perhaps because she had poured the one and dispensed the other steadily for the past hour.

She leaned back in her chair behind the tea table absently watching the little crowd of fashionably dressed men and women that were moving about the parlors, yet conscious nevertheless that the man beside her was observing her and enjoying her experience from his own standpoint, which was so different from her own that she often wondered how he could find anything in her to interest him.

In a low voice he was telling her about the people before her eyes—how the woman in gray velvet had recently come into a fortune, how another woman in rather shabby silk with wonderful silver fox furs had lost hers, how Mrs. Poynter had been Mrs. Somebody-else before divorce released her and how the girl in blue was sadly puzzled as to whether she would be happier with an American because she loved him or with an English eldest son because he was heir to a title.

She listened carelessly, scarcely replying. In reality her mind was busy with its own affairs. What did she care about these people, most of whom she had not seen before and might not see again? And what did they care about her?

She was merely their hostess' country cousin who poured tea and to whom Hills Hubbard was somewhat attentive. Cousin Nell had seen that her frock was appropriate, and she herself had been long enough in the gay world to learn that the majority judges one by one's raiment mainly. Yet Hills Hubbard seemed to judge her in different wise.

"You must be very nice to him," Cousin Nell had advised the first day Mildred was in the house.

"And why?" the girl had inquired.

"Because he is a good catch, as good as there is to be had. That counts very much in my world, Mildred. It may be that you will charm him, being a type that he is unacquainted with."

Certainly it seemed that she had charmed him. Since the first day she met him he had been attentive to her, sending her flowers, taking her to ride in his motor and to lunch at the best places. Cousin Nell was delighted. And Mildred thought it fascinating business to be thus sought after by a man whom so many girls had tried unsuccessfully to capture.

She had been quite frank with him from the first in spite of Cousin Nell, telling him that her father was only a poor country doctor and this was the first time she had been asked to visit her cousin. He had seemed not to mind. Perhaps he had so much money himself that he did not care whether the woman he married had a dowry or not.

As she leaned back in her chair she was wondering how it would seem to always have plenty of money, to buy one's frocks at the best shops, to live in a house where the work was done as by magic, to go about in a blue and gold motor and be able to hear all the best music.

Just that afternoon Cousin Nell had said when she came in to inspect her toilet:

"You understand, Mildred, that Mr. Hubbard will have something to say to you before you go home. There is but one answer for you to make, and I am sure he expects that one."

"But—but I'm not certain I care for him enough," Mildred had stammered. Nell had started at her.

"My dear child! Do you think that any one in these days marries for love alone?"

"I didn't know," the girl said humbly. Then she thought of her cousin's elderly husband, who was seldom visible save at breakfast time, and the hitherto concealed reason for Nell's strange marriage was suddenly revealed to her.

Mildred had indeed experienced much since coming into her cousin's house. None of the golden rules which her parents had taught her were applicable here. Other ideals were cherished, other aims kept in sight. At first it had been very mystifying to the girl to find that the teachings of her whole lifetime were of no account. It was as if she had taken great pains to acquire Latin only to find that French was demanded of her.

Her father and mother had married for love. Money they knew to be a great good which one could yet be happy without. The poorest person was as good as the wealthiest, provided he was of moral character. Yet, after all, when one was constantly meeting strangers how could one know more about them than their appearance revealed? Who cared whether Mrs. Poynter's first husband was living?

She was the wife of a notable rich man and very agreeable. In Harlin she would have been looked upon with suspicion, but here she was courted. Yes, money was a wonderful thing. It brought one so much. Even if she did not love Mr. Hubbard she could no doubt be very happy with him. To be able to wear a dress like that gray velvet and black furs with long silver hairs in them, each one of which represented a pursuit of money, and to live like Mrs. Ogden's!

The girl drew a long breath and stirred uneasily. What would her father and mother say? What would Tom think? She bit her lip as the memory of his brave yet tender face possessed her. She could almost hear him saying:

"Now, look here, Daffy-Down-Dilly you are going up to town to visit your fine cousin, and she'll have some fellow picked out for you, I know. He'll be rich and—and different, and that will end my chance, which always was mighty poor, wasn't it, dear? If it wasn't you'd say one word, and then I wouldn't feel so entirely down and out as I will be if you go without saying it."

She had not said the word, and so she was quite free as far as Tom was concerned to marry Hills Hubbard if she chose. With a start she came back to reality and the sound of his voice.

"You can understand that everybody is watching Miss Steuben with a great deal of interest. But there is no doubt in my mind that the Englishman will win out."

"What makes you think so?" Mildred asked.

"Because. That's a woman's reason, I know; but, as I say, it involves a good deal. The American, you see, has only his business prospects and for the present an average living. The Englishman has a fine old home, ancestry of the best, acres and tenants and a coronet about to descend upon his aristocratic head."

Mildred sighed and looked again at the girl in blue. She was very pretty as she stood with her back to a great mass of daffodils particularly, but now something about them set her heart to beating quickly with memories of home. A month later there would be a great showing of them in the little garden she and her mother tended. The dear, dear things! Nell had ordered them simply because they looked well against the wall paper of her drawing room, but to Mildred's girlish fancy they were vital, appealing. They meant home, the country, springtime—yes, and Tom, walking toward her, his face full of joy at sight of her.

Oh, they had no business to be here in this hot, crowded room, jostled by furs and velvets, simple, open air blossoms that they were! No one apparently was aware of them save herself and the girl in blue, who had drawn one from the jar and was pulling it to pieces.

A woman came across the room, set her cup down upon the table, smiled at Mildred and leaned toward Hills Hubbard.

"I have something to tell you which I just now heard on the best authority," she said. "You have lost your wager, my dear boy. Love wins. Miss Bertha Steuben marries the American after all."

"Is that possible?" he exclaimed. "I would not have believed it of her."

"Nor I. Thank you, no more tea, my dear Miss Verrel. I am just leaving." She made her adieus and passed on gayly. Mildred's eyes, with a new expression in them, were again on the girl in blue.

He turned sharply.

"You would do it yourself?"

"Yes," Mildred said.

He studied her a moment.

"Yes, I believe you would," he said, "but in your case there are no parallel circumstances. May I come tomorrow when you are alone, dear, and explain to you what I mean?"

Mildred turned white, but she faced him bravely.

"No," she gasped. "No. It would be of no use. You see, I have just made up my mind to go home tomorrow. It's the best place for me, I think, and they want me, father and my mother and"— She stopped abruptly, with a vivid blush.

"Ah, I see!" Hills Hubbard said. He looked very straight before him for an instant.

In Mildred's ears were ringing the absurd old nursery rhyme with which Tom had teased her before she set forth to visit her cousin Nell:

Daffy-Down-Dilly has gone up to town
In her yellow petticoat and her green gown.

But Daffy-Down-Dilly was going home from town to be happy with her own.

The Lady and the Cobra.

An Englishwoman residing in India one evening found to her horror that a huge cobra had coiled itself about her veranda rails, near which she sat playing the violin. She was too near the snake to run with safety, so she continued playing while she gradually edged away. At first her only idea was to keep the creature thus engaged while she escaped, but when she had gained a safer distance and perhaps fascinated by the unwonted sight a strange inspiration seized her. She played air after air of different characters.

The effect was magical. That snake behaved like an ardent, hot blooded disciple of Paganini. Every variation in the music, whether of volume or of tone, produced instantly a corresponding change in the attitude of the cobra. If she played a lively dance it swayed its body sideways in quick time and yet in graceful curves. Once she struck a number of false notes in rapid succession on purpose. The cobra winced and writhed in pain, as if suddenly struck with a whip.

Thus the creature behaved like a mad musician till the lady, getting tired of the sport, gradually moved herself farther and farther and then made a sudden bolt into her room and banged the door, leaving the cobra to wander disconsolate to its lair in the fields.—London Chronicle.

THE MINER and
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$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

DISASTERS ON MONT BLANC.

The Worst Occurred in 1870 and Cost Eleven Lives.

In the long list of disasters which darken the history of Mont Blanc the worst, according to Edward Whymper, the famous mountain climber, occurred to a scratch party in 1870.

The amateur Alpinists were two Americans, Mr. Randall and Mr. McBean, and a Scotch minister, the Rev. G. McCorkindale of Gourock. They took with them as guides or assistants no fewer than eight persons from Chamonix, a quite sufficient number. As is usual, they passed the night at the inn upon the rocks which are called the Grand Mulets.

On the next day, writes Professor Whymper in the Strand, a number of persons below watched their progress through telescopes. They were seen to arrive on the summit and to begin the descent. By that time the weather had changed. The wind was something frightful.

Even 12,000 feet below it was seen whirling the snow about so that the members of the party were obliged to throw themselves down to avoid being carried away by it. Then the summit became clouded and was not seen again for eight days.

No one came back, and on Sept. 7 fourteen men from Chamonix started out to try to learn something. Bad weather came on again, and it was not until the 17th that the fate of the party was ascertained. When the rescue party got up they found Mr. McCorkindale and two of the porters about 750 feet below the top, with their heads right way up, but with their clothes somewhat torn, as if they had slipped and fallen.

About 300 feet higher up they came upon Mr. McBean and another porter sitting down, the former with his head leaning on one hand and the elbow on a knapsack.

Upon Mr. McBean a notebook was found containing several entries in respect to the occasion. All the five corpses were hard frozen. They were put into sacks and dragged down to Chamonix. It took three days to transport them. The bodies of the six others have not yet been recovered, but they will probably come to light in the course of a few years.

One of the earliest avalanche accidents on Mont Blanc occurred in 1820, when Dr. Hamel, a Russian, set out on Aug. 18 to go up Mont Blanc, accompanied by two Englishmen and eight guides. They had ascended to a height of more than 14,000 feet, with five guides in front, who were cutting or making steps, when all at once the snow above them gave way and the entire party was carried down a thousand feet over the slopes up which they had toiled.

Snow again broke away above and more or less covered up the whole party. Some of them struggled out, but three of the leading guides were hurled into a crevasse and buried under an immense mass of snow.

Ten years afterward, when conducting another tourist up Mont Blanc by the same route, one of the surviving guides pointed to the crevasse and said to his employer, "They are there."

He was wrong. At that time (1830) the bodies were no doubt a considerable distance from the spot where the accident occurred, for the dismembered remains of the three unfortunates commenced to reappear at the lower end of the Glacier des Bossons in 1861, more than four miles away in a direct line from the place where they perished, and must have trapped down on an average at the rate of 300 feet per annum.

Gold on Desolation Island.

Kerguelen, or the Island of Desolation, may be the scene of the next gold rush. Situated midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, it is one of the dreariest and most forbidding spots on the surface of the globe. But the captain of a brig, the Carmen, who spent four months there hunting sea elephants, has made a discovery which may lead to important developments. He picked up a pretty little nugget of gold among the pebbles while walking on the shore. The Carmen has arrived at Melbourne with 150 tons of oil, the product of a couple of thousand sea elephants shot by the captain and his men. They also report the discovery of valuable deposits of coal, which they declare to be excellent fuel. Kerguelen belongs to France by right of discovery.

Preventable Accidents.

The American Museum of Safety and Sanitation in its latest bulletin calls attention to the fact that in 1908, in the whole country, from all causes, accidents totaled 500,000 persons, "which is 500 regiments strong, and these victims of the perils of peace would be hours in passing a given point." The bulletin adds that in "America the insurance interests estimate the annual loss to companies from preventable accidents to be $125,000,000. This does not include costs of defending suits at law, in which the person injured receives in judgments scarcely $500 on the average, of which his lawyer usually gets one-half."

Neptune's Belts.

Neptune, the most distant known planet of the solar system, presents to the ordinary telescope only a small greenish disk, on which no distinct markings are visible. But recently telescopic observations have revealed indications of the existence of streaks on Neptune bearing a resemblance to the belts of Jupiter. A few years ago similar streaks were seen on Uranus. Saturn also possesses them, so that it may be said that cloudlike belts are a feature common of all the four greater outer planets.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer,

A STORY WITH TEETH

Introducing a Mysterious Woman With a Strange Mission.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

The village of Brinkly was and is today a place of about 1,200 inhabitants, and the country is thickly settled with farmers for seven miles around before coming to another village, but only one dentist has ever made it pay there since the place was founded. He didn't stay but a couple of months, but he carried away a roll of money as large as a log.

It wouldn't be point to say that the villager and the farmer do not give proper attention to their teeth, but they are never in a great hurry about it. They hate to part with the old roots and snags and keep putting off the evil day when they have got to get into the executioner's chair. It might have been said of Brinkly and the surrounding country that not an adult had a good set of teeth and that up to a certain day no one was giving dentistry any serious thought. Then on a Monday morning a change took place. A traveling dentist who had his office in a van drove into town and opened shop. For two days no one went near him, although he hung out a sign of the most painless kind of painful dentistry.

Then a strange woman arrived. She was dark complexioned, dressed like a gypsy and passed for one. She was a mysterious woman on a mysterious errand. She had come to that locality to search for a great buried treasure. She couldn't search for it by her lone some, as the spirits guarding it had put a ban on her, but the gold was to be found through some one else. That some one else must have a tooth drawn to propitiate the spirits. Then he would be led to the treasure and would whack up with her. The hours for finding the treasure were between midnight and 2 o'clock in the morning, and the searcher must in no consideration say a word to any one about what he was after. If any finding the treasure the first night he must have a second tooth pulled. He might have to lose three, but that would be the end.

THERE WERE A YELL AND A RUSH.

Had the woman gone about among the women telling this yarn she would have been hauled out of their houses. She did exactly the contrary. She interviewed the men. Her very first victim was known as the hardest headed old chap for fifteen miles around. He was so stingy and mean that when he had the mumps he refused to let any of his neighbors catch them free of cost. He bit at once. If there was any buried treasure around there he wanted his half of it. Indeed, he wanted it all if he could get it. He had heard about the traveling dentist, and within two hours of his talk with the woman he was at the van. It was 50 cents a pull, and the dentist selected a front tooth that might have continued business for several years longer. The pulling hurt like blazes, but as the man carried the molar away in his pocket he felt that the treasure was his. On a Sunday night, which was a week ahead, he was to stand alongside of an elm tree and watch for the flash of a firefly. Two feet under ground beneath the flash the box of gold would be found.

The next day the dentist pulled teeth for no less than five different men. Some of them met each other at the van and made all sorts of excuses for being there. Deacon Spooner said he had been thinking of parting with a tooth for the last fifteen years, and Elder Tompkins said that he had a loose tooth that had prevented him from eating boiled dinners ever since he became a widower. Each had a slight suspicion of the other, but tried to act carelessly and gave no information. The dentist numbered farmers as well as villagers among the callers, and when Saturday night came he could figure that he had performed on forty-eight men. On Sunday night between the hours named those forty-eight men were looking for elm trees and fireflies. The village was pretty well shaded by elms, but there were not enough to go round. In some instances two men found themselves under the same elm. Then they fled to each other like troopers as they watched for fireflies. The firefly is seen only on a certain night, when the weather has some quality about it that calls them out, and this was one of the months when they are never seen at all. None of the searchers took this into consideration, but waited and watched and grew nervous as they thought of the treasure.

Before 10 o'clock Monday forenoon the dentist had men waiting while others were being served. There were some among them that had come to lose their first tooth and others to lose their second. The fellow was a lightning puller, but there were two or three patients left over when darkness fell and he closed his van. The new ones on this day had been told by the woman to stand under beech trees. There was just as big a crowd on Tuesday, and it was not fairly disposed of until Thursday. Of course it had got noised around the village that there was something up, but not a man poached. There was something more than suspicion among them now, and the only way was to lie to each other. They did lie. Men who had always scorned the slightest evasion now came out and lied as easily as if they had always made it a business. They lied to each other and to their wives, and some of them had three teeth drawn all at once, so as to have the bulge on the one and two tooth fellows.

Half a mile west of the village was a beech grove. Outside of that there wasn't a beech tree within two miles. On Sunday night more than 100 men were in that grove before the clocks were through striking midnight. They rubbed elbows and they crowded each other. Some pretended that they were walking in their sleep and others that they were looking for stray hogs or cows. When an hour had gone by some one saw or thought he saw a light moving about beyond the creek that skirted one side of the grove. There were a yell and a rush. As men ran they punched and kicked each other. They even jumped upon each other's backs. Fifty men fell into the creek and fifty more on top of them. It was a grand battle royal, from which no one escaped scathless. Next day some of the crowd wanted to consult the women and set about partitions, but, though they drove all over the country, she was not to be found.

And then arose another complication. Fifty men, disregarding Sunday nights and elm and beech trees, began a daytime hunt for the treasure. They even went so far as to spade up each other's garden. It was three days before the search ended and the excitement died away, and then the bamboozled began to think of their teeth, though, strangely enough, they did not connect the gypsy woman with the loss of them. The dentist was ready. He could replace teeth as well as displace them. He sent for an assistant and had all the work he could do for two months, and his prices were just double those charged in the city. He didn't get quite all he had operated on before, but it is still contended in Brinkly that he went to Europe, bought an old castle and is still revelling in power and luxury. Now and then in the drelly season a man goes out at midnight and leans against an elm or beech tree, but if guided to any certain spot the most he finds by digging is an old oyster can or the skull of a dead and gone horse.

Chopin and the Children.

A chronicler of the life of Chopin, the great pianist, tells the following anecdote: On one occasion the pupils in his father's school, freed temporarily from the restraint of the elder Chopin, arranged to have some fun with their tutor. When the commotion was at its height Chopin entered and set himself to quell it. He told the boys that if they would remain quiet he would play for them. He darkened the room and started his improvisation, telling the skylarkers a romantic story of a band of robbers who approached a house, mounted by ladders to the windows, but were frightened away by a noise within. They fled into a dark wood, where they fell asleep under a starry sky. Chopin by this time was playing more and more softly, as if seeking to lull the robbers in the wood and incidentally the children in the schoolroom to rest. When he had satisfied himself that his hearers had actually fallen asleep, Chopin crept from the room and brought his parents to look at them. He turned up the lights, and the boys slept on until he reseated himself at the piano and struck a thrilling chord, at which they all awakened with a start.

The History of a Book.

Following is the story of the first edition of Fitzgerald's celebrated translation of "Omar Khayyam." The book was issued anonymously and found no buyers. Accordingly the author went to Bernard Quaritch's shop, dropped a heavy parcel of 200 copies of the "Rubaiyat" and said, "Quaritch, I make you a present of these books."

The famous bookseller offered them first at half a crown, then at a shilling, and, again descending, at sixpence, but no buyers came. In despair he reduced the book to a penny and put copies into a box outside his door with a ticket, "All these at 1 penny each." At that price the pamphlet moved. In a few weeks the lot was sold, and in this way one of the finest gems of English literature was dispersed among a not overdiscerning public.

The legend has it that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Swinburne and Burton were among those who discovered the "hidden treasure in the penny box." Years passed, and the once despised volume rose in the market, and in 1898 Quaritch bought in for £21 a copy which forty years before he had sold for a penny.—London Queen.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 186, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. F. WILCOX, Com.
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W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
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W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall

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Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

EMMA M. DAVIS, W. M.
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I. O. H. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

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Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 4 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle, meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE GIRL IN GRAY

By ALEXANDER BLACK

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The train lumbering northward from San Antonio, Sherman Garrett was conscious of the monotonous panorama, of the ribbon of land and the ribbon of sky. A definite fact was the silhouette of the girl in gray.

He first had seen her at San Antonio. In company with Dr. Parvin he had been studying the sleepy missions and the sleepier gambling dens, bartering at the curiosity shops, riding shaggy ponies in clouds of white dust, and ornamenting the facade of the hotel, when one morning, like the advent of radiant to-day, she loomed in the arch of the Alamo.

"I wonder who she is?" exclaimed Parvin. Anyone having acquaintance with Parvin would have expected him to wonder who she was. "Looks bored."

"And lonesome," added Garrett, feelingly.

Just then the girl was joined by three men, with whom she presently sauntered toward the hotel.

"Company, and varied company," laughed Parvin. One of the men evidently was close upon 50, ruddy, prematurely stooped. His companions were young, one of them spare, sharp in feature, swaggering in gait, the other fat, smooth, expressionless.

Before night Parvin reported that the thin young man was the old fellow's son. "He tries hard to be dorlish," said Parvin. "Smokes cigarettes, drinks Martinis, and sprinkles tips all day."

"The Prodigal Son," mused Garrett.

"I can't make out the other object that hangs around with him."

"The Fatted Calf," suggested Garrett.

Parvin grinned through a ring of cigar smoke. "They both have the impertinence to show occasional attention to that girl."

"She should know better," protested Garrett.

On the following day Parvin reported that she had called the elderly man "father." "And so," said Parvin, "we have another character in the dramatis personæ—the Fond Father."

"I'm shocked," declared Garrett, "that you, a man of science, shouldn't have found visible proofs of the relationship long ago."

They enjoyed so much these speculations over the group as to avoid, or at least to neglect, practical measures for better information. When the doctor started south to Laredo, and Garrett took an early train north on his trip to Dallas and Little Rock, they had formed the habit of calling her "Miss Alamo" in recollection of the day she had dawned upon them in the crumbling frame of the Mexican doorway.

And now she sat there, on the other side of the car, her expressive profile against the flowing lines of the Texas country. She wore the gray gown in which Garrett first had seen her. During the early part of the journey she had been accompanied by the Fond Father, and had received visits from the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf, who finally carried the Fond Father off with them to the forward car, which was divided between negro passengers and white smokers.

She talked gayly with the men, yet gave no sign of regretting their departure.

It was very warm. Miss Alamo fanned herself with a folded time table. Then she sought to raise her window. Thanks to an official insanity which has regard to the necessity for a due and proper sociability among passengers, the window would not budge. Miss Alamo's right glove split squarely across the palm as Garrett sprang forward to help her.

"Sorry I wasn't quicker," Garrett said. "I might have saved the glove."

She laughed without any apparent resentment to the unnecessary supplement to the incident, and for the first time glanced at his face. "My punishment for having them too small."

It remained for Garrett to pick up a pamphlet describing the sights of San Antonio which she had brushed from the seat. As he rose he jostled some one in the aisle. It was the Prodigal Son, with the Fatted Calf at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon," said Garrett.

"Don't mention it," said the Prodigal Son, who added: "Eh—didn't I see you at the Menger?"

"Yes," admitted Garrett, divided between a feeling of resentment that the Prodigal Son should have seen him anywhere, and acceptance of an excuse for proximity to Miss Alamo.

"I thought so," joined in the Fatted Calf, in an impersonal way, as if it didn't make any difference to him.

The Prodigal Son wrenched feverishly at a sickly mustache, which had the appearance of utter exhaustion under a persistent effort to make it curl up at the ends. "I got awfully tired of that place," he said.

"Did you?" asked Garrett, colorlessly.

The Fatted Calf sat tentatively on the arm of one of the seats.

The Prodigal Son had not had a cigarette for eight minutes and he showed the effects of the privation.

"Smoke?" he asked Garrett, fingering his case.

Garrett thought he wouldn't, and watched them amble up the aisle and melt into the blue blaze of the forward car.

Garrett could not resist a searching glance at the girl's face. He had wondered whether she was a New York girl toned up by travel or a Texas girl toned down by Vassar; and it had occurred to him, naturally, that as most girls were not what you expected, she probably wasn't either of these.

The train had stopped. Garrett could hear the laughter and exclamations of the four men at the other end of the car who were engaged in an extremely audible game of cards. At this moment a new passenger appeared in the nearby door and dropped into the seat Garrett had occupied.

He was a tall, handsome man, with thick, tawny hair, a graceful mustache and friendly blue eyes. Both Garrett and Miss Alamo looked at him. He certainly was good to look upon. Garrett remarked that his broad-brimmed felt hat, with four dimples in the crown, was of about the same shade as Miss Alamo's dress.

The newcomer studied his watch. "Train's a little late, isn't it?" he asked Garrett in an easy tone.

"I suppose so. These trains always are."

The engine breathed and muttered in the quiet of the station. Garrett gazed through the window at a mule cart with a dusky driver, asleep; at a shabby "general merchandise" shop beyond the white road; at a young Mexican rolling a cigarette with yellow paper, and lifting his fingers one by one, as from a musical instrument until the thing had burned down into the shadow of his mustache; at a big hulking bird circling in the clear sky.

"What sort of a fowl is that?" asked Garrett of the newcomer, who was staring in the same direction.

"A buzzard," replied the handsome man, who smiled his charming smile and added, "You're from the north, I reckon?"

Garrett nodded.

"Ugh!" shivered Miss Alamo. "How I hate buzzards."

"They have a sinister reputation," said Garrett. He had been staring through the window again. "I was just fancying," he went on, "a man wounded, or helpless out there—would they pounce on him?"

"Not unless he was dead," replied the handsome man. He smiled again his charming smile. "And the longer he had been dead the better they would like him."

Garrett looked for a questioning second at the blue eyes of the newcomer. He fancied that Miss Alamo rather liked the man.

When the train had been rumbling again for a number of miles the card players became particularly audible, and the handsome man seemed annoyed. "You would think this was their private car," he said to Garrett.

Then one of the men used a disagreeable epithet in a loud tone. A dozen men in other parts of the car looked quickly toward them. Both Garrett and the handsome man arose, and the latter strode forward in the car. Miss Alamo caught Garrett by the sleeve. "Let them alone," she whispered, "or we'll have fireworks."

"Look here," came the mellow voice of the handsome man, "there's a lady in the car, and you've got to respect her presence. Understand me?" The four men were on their feet as the speaker strode back toward his seat.

"What is that to you?" roared one of the card players, flinging the pack into the aisle.

There were other loud words, a confused murmur and stir through the car, and Garrett saw the handsome man pull the bell cord. The air brakes squealed. A moment of startled silence fell over the group of passengers.

"A trick!" cried Miss Alamo in Garret's ear. "It's a hold-up!"

As she spoke, Garrett saw the gleam of three revolvers at the other end of the car, and heard the metallic voice of one of the card players shouting, "Hands up, everybody! and quick about it!"

Garrett afterwards remembered that it was like a vote at a meeting, except that everyone was voting twice. He was surprised at the instinctive response his own hands made to a demand of which he scarcely had realized the purport.

He saw the quick movement of one of the men who turned to the forward car; he heard the grunt of the trucks as the car stopped; he became conscious of some movement and a sharp command outside the train. Then he impulsively turned his eyes to the handsome man across the aisle.

The handsome man was standing with his back toward the window, one foot on the seat, and over his knee hung his strong white hand, fingering the hair trigger of a revolver.

"Gentlemen," came the musical baritone of the handsome man, addressing the car, "you will hold your hands a little higher. Col. Cooly of San Marcos, is particularly in danger. We wish no trouble. Make everything as pleasant as you can for our friend here, who will take charge of your watches and money."

The "our friend" of this speech, a short, youngish man with nervous dark eyes, had a sleek revolver in one hand, and with the other was running through the pockets of the men nearest him with a mysterious, fascinating agility.

"Dear me!" cried Miss Alamo at Garrett's elbow. "Must I give up all my drawn work and souvenirs?" She had opened her little satchel with an imploring look toward the handsome man, who turned his blue eyes upon her long enough to say, "No, no! we don't want anything from you. Make yourself as comfortable as you can." And he smiled again, showing his even white teeth.

Garrett heard a little snort from the engine. The men who had come out of the sheltered lane by the track had ordered the engineer to uncouple. He saw the fingers going from pocket to pocket, and heard the peremptory low-voiced remarks of their owner, as he searched for and transferred the booty. He saw the man at the door, his revolver leveled, his eyes searching every corner of the car.

The strenuous silence had endured until Garrett felt that his nerves were ready to rebel or to break, when a sharp explosion tore the air and a little stiletto of flame leapt out of Miss Alamo's lap. At the same instant the handsome man dropped his weapon, grunting, "You little devil!"

Almost before the revolver reached the floor, Garrett sprung for it, and its owner followed him, the two soon wrestling confusedly in the aisle.

"Hands up!" yelled the man at the door, firing as a threat, and the youngish man who had been looting the pockets stood for a moment irresolute, his revolver covering the men on the floor.

Three shots in quick succession sounded from the direction of the smoker; the robber with the booty fell forward on his face. The man behind him staggered, then dashed for the platform.

As Garrett and his opponent at last struggled to their feet, the little glittering thing they wrestled for barked in their hands.

Garrett had the weapon. The handsome man faltered backward, his face stiffening. Garrett heard him shuffle on the platform as he himself turned to the uproar. The quick battle was over.

No. There were other shots. They saluted the three men who had mounted the horses in the lane. At first Garrett thought his late antagonist was one of these, but they found the handsome man in the ditch.

"Three dead," muttered a big stockman at Garrett's side. "It didn't pay 'em."

The handsome man opened his eyes when they had propped him against the embankment. When he smiled, a faint bloodless imitation of the thing he was capable of doing, Garrett turned and saw Miss Alamo with a cup of water. She held the cup to the man's lips.

"You wouldn't leave me to the buzzards, would you?" he asked, and tried to smile again.

"I forgot to tell you that I could shoot a little," said Miss Alamo to Garrett. But her lips trembled. "I'm so glad none of us was hurt. Garrett fancied at the moment that she included him in a pleasantly definite way.

"Are the others all right?" he asked, with real magnanimity, though he felt every other emotion to be obscured by his admiration of her.

"Yes, and the funny thing is that my husband fired the first shot in there! He's awfully set up about it. And I never knew he had a gun with him!"

"Your hus—husband?" stammered Garrett, before he could check himself.

The exultant visage of the Fatted Calf loomed behind the girl. "Here's the best part of it all!" murmured the Fatted Calf. "Those two other fellows who were killed were the fellows with the plunder. What luck!"

A QUAINT SWISS CUSTOM.

"Passing of Winter" Marked by General Celebration.

The land of the Switzers is rich indeed in folk lore. Who has not heard of the ringing deeds of William Tell? And so thoroughly do these hardy mountain folk enter into the spirit of these old stories and quaint customs that tradition speaks of, that even in such an up-to-date city as Zurich, which impresses the American tourists on account of its imposing buildings and busy stir, the entire population abandon their industry in order to take part in a symbolic festival.

At the "passing of winter," or, to use the picturesque native expression, "sechselaeuten"—six o'clock ringing feast—the commencement of which is announced by the cathedral chiming the hour of six—hence the name of the festival—the real celebrations commence at eight o'clock, when the national and cantonal flags are hoisted on the staff of the cathedral.

A pretty sight is that of the procession of more than 1,000 children, in appropriate costumes, escorting the triumphal car bearing the goddess of spring attended by her maidens, while behind her is drawn amid dancing clowns the captive Boogg, representing winter, being a huge figure made of wood and covered with cotton wool, stuffed with crackers and gunpowder. Winding through the streets on either side of the river Limmat, the procession makes its way to the lake. Here the Boogg is raised on high poles and a bonfire built up around it.

During the afternoon the city guilds parade in quaint costumes and many merry jokes are played, until at the first stroke of six the torch is applied to our friend Boogg and winter's reign is a thing of the past. The flames leap up and are reflected in the lake, while from surrounding boats fireworks add to the liveliness of the scene. The guildhouses, of which Zurich has many handsome examples, are thrown open to visitors and the evening is devoted entirely to pleasure and entertainment.

Aunt Liily

By ROBERT H. LANGFORD

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An old, crooked, shrunken, black woman, half bent under a load of "white folk's clo'es," shuffled and plowed her way along through the deep, yellow dust of the big road that led to the river bottom. The sweat fell from her narrow, wrinkled face in great drops, and she struck her claw-like hands into the heavy bundle of clothes to keep it from falling off of her head to the ground. She straightened her back but once during the last half mile to her cabin (which stood in the edge of the Great Cane Brake), and looked keenly ahead down the road. "De Gawd know, I know widout lookin'," she said fiercely, under her breath.

She plodded on, never raising her head again, but she muttered strangely and menacingly, and a quiver shot through her and she drew her breath shudderingly as she passed across the shadow cast by the dead tree. A long time ago—years before—she had followed a body of men, a grim, silent, terrible, masked band of Ku Klux, down the big road to this tree and had, alternately, shrieked her prayers and curses, while they hanged by his long, yellow neck the only child she had ever had. The boy had borne an unmistakable stamp—he was tall and well-featured, quick to think and to act, rebellious and devilish in both. But the mother love was all the deeper and more vehement because of what she alone knew—his pitiable beginning and his ruthless, well-nigh inevitable ending. Therefore she had grown to hate the ruling race with a passion almost demoniacal in its bitter intensity.

When she at last reached the shade of the beech tree that stood in her cleanly swept yard, and had sucked long from the gourd of cold water from her well—that was also beneath the tree—she sat down on a bench, almost spent, too tired to open the bank of smouldering embers beside a half-log at the corner of the cabin and cook a corn-pone and "brile a strip o' middlin'."

When she had been sitting on the bench a while she turned around and looked furtively toward the cane brake that grew close up to the garden fence. After a long survey of the thick, lush cane, she seemed to be satisfied. Then she looked quickly up and down the road, untied the faded red turban on her head and extracted several small pieces of money from the closely folded rim. These she counted, again and again, and at last, sure that her calculations were correct, untied a second handkerchief from her head, a black silk one that had belonged to her son—one that she always wore under the red turban. It was curiously quilted and stitched until it was stiff with coins—a few of them gold—the accumulation of years of her hard earnings and rigid self-denial. She added the money she had just counted, and taking a threaded needle from her hair, sewed it into the handkerchief securely. Then she tied both handkerchiefs back on her head, turban fashion, as they were before.

Taking up a slip of green cane she leaned forward and began to scratch on the hard ground in front of her. After awhile the scratches took the form of a rude obelisk.

"Dat's 'bout de way ole Moster's is—en dat's 'bout de way I'm gwine hab his'n. Jes' as big, an' jes' as white—an' ebbery bit as gran' lookin'—cas'n, cas'n, 'fo' de Gawd dat know it oughter be!"

For years and years all her life interest had centered around what she had at last accomplished—the accumulation of enough money to place at the head of the lone, shunned grave back in the little clearing that bordered the road-side above her cabin, a tombstone that should be in every way the counterpart of her "ole Moster's," Judge Jacob Morton. Aunt Lilly sat there and furrowed the earth with her cane until the sun was sinking down below the tall trees of the swamp behind her, and the air was becoming heavy with the odors of the marsh blooms and vegetation—mingled with the scent of cypress burning somewhere across the lake.

The old woman had added by slow degrees to the fund in the curiously stitched handkerchief. Trudging back and forth, back and forth, with indomitable persistence, laden with chickens, or carrying pail after pail of luscious blackberries from the swamp—or a market basket filled with old-time ginger-cakes on one arm and her demijohn full of sweet cider swinging from the other—to be sold from the courthouse steps on "First Monday."

In winter, the pails held lye, hominy and various toothsome things made out of the fat, mast-fed hogs of hers that lived in the bottom. Countless were the pones of corn-lightbread she had baked and shoats she had barbecued, for the back loads of boys who came out to the river on Saturday afternoon with cases of beer. Many were the bundles of clothes she had brought the three miles from town—miles that of late years had seemed to grow longer and wearier of progress—and had carried back in a long split basket, white as snow, sweet-smelling, creaseless, except for the dainty crimping of the ruffles that only old-fashioned darkies cling to and new-fashioned ones turn up their noses at as waste of time.

And now it was ended—this labor of love for the memory of the child she had loved with a proud, worshipful love. No need for the smoke to curl steadily heavenward from the stick-and-dirt chimney when snow covered the ground, or to float slowly out over the thick-leaved swamp when summer time came again. Her work was finished—her hour of triumph was at hand. Before sun-up to-morrow she would be on her way to the town, where already, in the rear of a small shop, crowded with blocks of marble and finished and unfinished gravestones, there towered above the rest, gleaming, white and beautiful, one bearing the name "Freeman (was he not born out of slavery?) Morton."

"When dey rides by, gwine on down dp big road, en sees dat—den dey'll know how my Freem' was lubbed by his ole mammy."

She closed her eyes and leaned her turbaned head back against the smooth, splotched bark of the beech tree. She was living over again, as she had done many times, the deep joy of satisfaction that follows the accomplishment of something that would have dismayed and discouraged a soulless brave.

A red-and-white spotted cow came up the road from the bottom, and stood patiently outside the gate, rattling her bell now and then as she threw her head backward to lick a thorn wound on her flank. But the old woman gazed unseeingly out, across and beyond the clearing, where the lone grave was—pride and triumph possessing the lineaments of her face. She moved her hands in quick, decisive gestures, and her lips moved, now and then, convulsively.

So intent was she that she did not see, or seeing, did not heed, the man—scarce more than a boy—who vaulted the rail fence and, rapidly crossing the clearing, ran towards the cabin, excitement in every movement. He came around the corner of the cabin before her gestures ceased. Then she became as rigid as a part of her rude bench. "Hell's to pay!" he said, roughly, a weak, drunken smile fixing itself on his white, dissipated face.

"Cap" Morton, scapegoat—with all that the name implies—drunkard, gambler, and worse—the grandson of old Judge Morton, the last of an old and wealthy family, a boy who had, to use vernacular, "throwed hisse'f away"—was the only human being who demanded friendship of Aunt Lilly. Her bitterness had not inspired him with fear when she had nursed him through his babyhood. He clung to her regardless, and all along the way he had confided his childish, boyish troubles and the devilment of his later years, to her irresponsive ear; never knowing, caring, or perhaps noticing, whether she condemned or sympathized. Time and time again he had fled to her cabin when parental doors were closed, and she had nursed him, stolidly—undemonstratively—unwillingly—through certain sprees that had grown to be periodical.

"For Gôd's sake, Mam' Lilly," he commanded, "get up! Help me to hide—they'll be after me any minute!—I've—I've," he raised his arm up the side of the cabin door as he went inside and bowed his head against it, "Good God! I've shot a woman—and killed her!"

The old negress got up and followed him into the cabin. He put his hand on the foot of a bed—seeking a hiding place—and then, wheeling suddenly, he went to the fireplace and, holding to the rude mantelpiece, set his foot firmly in a nicke, where a brick was missing and pulled himself up until he could slip his fingers over a loose board in the ceiling, pushing it aside, and then, quickly moving several others, he climbed into the loft.

"Give me a quilt and a pillow—they'll never think about looking up here! Remember the time Freem' set me up here, when me and Pomp were playing hiding? Pompey never did find me."

An expression of pain shot over the old woman's face at the careless mention of her son. She handed him the quilt and pillow—but when she stepped down out of the chair and mechanically pushed it back against the wall there was a look of hatred on her face, so terrible, so intense, that her features were livid. She went to the door and stood for a long time looking out toward the grave in the clearing. Finally the man recalled her.

"Mam' hurry up and fix me something to eat—and a cup of good strong coffee. Had nothing since last night!"

As the sun went down and the cypress knots blazed up the old woman moved about the fire in the yard, preparing supper. There was something indefinable in her manner—something akin to the fierce, tense control of the cat species when about to spring—or the smooth glide of a deadly snake in ambush. Now and then she looked down the road, and strained her ear to listen. Once she went to the gate and leaned far over, looking beyond the alders and sumac in the fence corners, to catch a glimpse of the black outline of the dead tree which stood between her and the last streak of light in the west. Then her fingers clenched nervously, and a fiendish, malicious smile relaxed her face. She trod softly—once more—back and forth between the cabin and the fire in the yard—only a flapping side of her worn-out shoes disturbing the silence. After a while she said to the boy in the loft:

"Supper's raidy—ye might as well come on down an eat—don't seem lak dey's comin' dis way or dey'd done been heah! I'll watch at de gate."

"Good thing for me there ain't any Ku Klux these days, Mam'," Cap Morton said, stretching himself as he stepped out into the yard. "Woods be full of them by now! Po' old Freem' didn't have much show, did he? They'll never take me alive!"

A sharp spasm crossed the worn old face at the gate as she turned from her post to look at the speaker.

His long young body curved like a lithe willow switch as he bent over the table and ravenously devoured the appetizing food. The silhouette of a beautiful profile, a well-shaped brow—a fine, straight nose—short upper lip and strong chin stood out in relief against the flaring cypress knots behind him. She watched him with intense concentration—the quick, nervous movements of his slim hands as he passed them about the table—the peculiarly graceful turn of his arched foot. For a long time she watched him as he ate. Then she bowed her head on the gate, listening intently. Yes—unmistakably—she heard the sound of horses coming—coming—in the distance. They were coming swiftly, too!

A thrill shot through her! With vicious realism she foresaw the brutal scene that the next half-hour would bring.

Suddenly the boy, straightening his body, threw his chin up and addressed her. She did not hear what he said. In a maze she gazed, bewildered by the overwhelming emotion that that quick movement of the figure and toss of the chin brought to her. It was an odd trick that the Morton family had possessed.

Ah, the familiarity of the loved gesture, and what it recalled to her! Vividly she remembered the same tense stiffening of the long, lithe body—the same imperious tilt of the chin—of her own son, when he dropped lightly from the leafy branches of that same beech tree in answer to the call:

"No use, Freem', we know you're up there," and, with oath for oath, had faced, undaunted to the last the hideous, masked band of Ku Klux that filled the cleanly-swept yard and surrounded the cabin. The remembrance beat on her brain that "Cap" Morton's father had (with trembling eagerness—a vent to his long pent-up hate) slipped the noose about her son's neck!

With a sickening gasp for breath, she wavered, and then, throwing up her hands in warning, she slid to the side of the boy, who bounded from the table: "I'ne' Dan!" she said.

In a few seconds they had disappeared in the thick, green cane that bordered the garden fence and that grew a tangled, well-night impenetrable brake for miles and miles up and down the river.

"Uncle Dan"—a name that sent uncontrollable terror to the hearts of children, white and black—was an old hermit, a hoe-doe, a witch, a half-savage, half-human creature, who dwelt—no white man knew where, nor for how long, somewhere in the cane-brake—or in the swamp beyond—or, somewhere up or down the river—and whose cunning wisdom and lore of woods could foil man or beast, and to whose care before sun-up Aunt Lilly, winding slowly, patiently in and out along hidden paths—had intrusted her charge!

When she came home about dawn the chickens were fluttering in a preparatory way amongst the peach and plum trees. The cabin door was ajar, the table, the food just as she had left it. The outer gate was closed. Poking up the smouldering embers she sat down on the bench and placed her feet close to the fire coals, to dry.

"Don' look lak nobody been heah," she said, wearily. "Wunder if dat was Miss Geawge Estes gwine fox huntin' las' night?"

Later on, the chickens flew down and, slipping through the garden paling, shied around and around the table, until finally, the boldest flew up and, snatching a piece of bread, ran squawking away, followed by the rest of the hungry brood.

Emmet Carter, the sheriff, with several deputies, came on down the road and passed under the dead tree, where, from the topmost branches, a hawk perched, and silently watched the broken iron pot, where the old hen still hovered over her chicks.

"Don't see why we didn't think of coming here first," said the sheriff, as he sprang from his horse, and went into the yard. "Bet it's right where 'Cap' is—or was!"

The sun was above the rank growth of the swamp by that time and the first rays, stealing underneath the low branches of the beech tree, fell on Aunt Lilly's face.

The faded red turban had slipped down across her shoulders. The curiously stitched and quilted handkerchief she had tremblingly stuffed in the pocket of the fugitive when she left him at Uncle Dan's camp. Her white, woolly hair was in strange contrast to her small, shriveled black face—a face that looked like some curious ebony image, carved in fine lines—a masterpiece from a hand that had wrought with marvelous, divine skill, his conception of love and compassion—the powerful beauty of which God himself had enhanced by setting a seal—his greatest, one that is bestowed on the soul that, suffering cruelest wrong and bitterest injustice, is still great enough to forgive—his seal of peace!

Emmet Carter instinctively took off his hat as he looked down.

Pulp Made from Cord of Wood.

A cord of wood ordinarily yields about one ton of [illegible] pulp or about one-half ton [illegible] pulp.

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HER BURNED MUSHROOMS.

In the Train of the Disaster Came Happiness.

By ANITA CARR.

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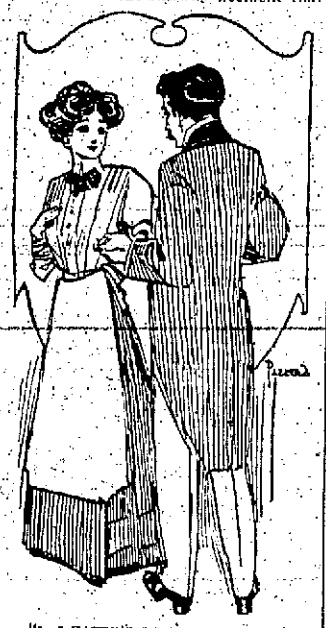
Flighty—that was what the nice, motherly old ladies of Hillside called Carrie Danielson. Now, if a person happens to be very tall and correspondingly broad and wears No. 6 shoes nobody ever applies that adjective to her. If you are flighty it stands to reason you are small and fluffy and never quiet.

That had been Carrie's description through her girlhood and early married life. She was a pretty little thing, but with strength enough of character in her face in spite of her tilted nose and small, red mouth and curved cheek had any one stopped to consider those attractions as modified by the resolute chin and angle of the head.

She loved the gayeties of life and the sunshine. Happiness surrounded her as an aureole, and she ran from trouble, to the displeasure of her critics who fastened the adjective upon her.

She and Tom were happy those three years before the railway accident that



"I—I HAVEN'T TIME TO BE HAPPY."

ended his life and for a time crippled her.

Hillside never had liked Carrie Danielson so well as during those months when it could treat her as helpless and nurse and command her. She was to their hands, and her neighbors reveled in the placid joy of doing good unto one who had never seemed to yearn for their counsel or advice. They had planned it all out in those first sad days after the accident just what Carrie should do after she had fully recovered.

"Of course she will sell this cottage," Mrs. Barnes said during one of the long night watches. "They'd just got it paid for too! She can go back to her folks. It's too bad they moved away when they did!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Croft, "she'll have to. Tom didn't leave her anything besides the cottage. She can't live on air, and she's not the go-ahead sort who can do things for themselves. Carrie's always been so flighty."

When Carrie Danielson finally got well and was able to go about as usual, very pale and quiet in her black clothes and different from the gay and laughing girl they had always known, Hillside was disgruntled and shocked by the upsetting of all its plans for her.

"No," she told the man who wanted to buy her cottage; "I'm going to keep it and stay right here. It is home to me. It is not for sale."

Mrs. Barnes went over at once when the news reached her. "Carrie," she began abruptly, "how are you going to do it? What are you going to live on?"

There was a faint gleam of the old humorous smile on Carrie's lips as she surveyed her inquisitor's grimly disapproving face. "I'm going to grow mushrooms," she announced, "and ship them to New York."

Perhaps had it been any other commodity than mushrooms Hillside would not have scoffed with disapproval as it did. Mushrooms to them were objects of suspicion, classed with weeds and other obnoxious products of nature, without which the human race could get along famously.

That there were enough persons in the world who yearned for mushrooms to give Carrie a living income seemed highly improbable, but all the protests were met by her with facts, figures and methods, for she had studied the subject thoroughly before deciding to go into it.

The determination with which she clung to her project was another matter for surprise. No one had dreamed she had such persistence in her. And the mushroom sheds were built and the beds made, and Carrie started in business.

The first check Carrie received from the big New York hotel she cried over before half the women of the town had gazed upon it with their own eyes and had seen money really was forthcoming for the queer creamy white fungi that had been so carefully packed in baskets and put on the train by their grower's own hands.

It was not such a large check, but it was something, and she had earned it. From then on Hillside had to admit that possibly Carrie had more brains than had been imagined. Still, they could not at once abandon the oversight they kept upon her.

"She will never outgrow her flightiness," Mrs. Barnes said one day. "I met her downtown in this cold, raw wind with no fur around her neck and just a lace blouse over her throat. Carrie needs some one to look after her."

"Oh, she'll marry again," said Mrs. Croft comfortably. "She's too pretty not to. And there's no sense in her living alone in that little cottage and growing those toadstools—well, they look just the same, anyway—all the rest of her life! But she doesn't seem to have eyes for any one, and poor Tom's been gone four years now. Dr. White would be pretty attentive to her if she'd let him, and he's a fine man."

Yet, when Dr. White soon after asked Carrie to marry him she shook her head with a faint little smile and refused him. "It isn't that I don't appreciate you," she said, with an instinct to soften her refusal, "but, you see, I'm so busy here. I—I haven't time to be happy."

Yet there was a pang of regret in her heart as she watched his tall figure down the hill, for their cheerful comradeship had brightened her days.

He had brought her books and pamphlets on her work, had advised and sympathized, and she knew she would miss his brief but almost daily calls. But love, she told herself, she was done with. Time had softened her sorrow, but for her she thought the ordinary happy life of a woman was over and finished.

Dr. White after a time bravely tried to renew their former unsentimental comradeship, but that, too, seethed destroyed and, the attempt a farce.

"I can't do it, Carrie," he broke out hoarsely one day. "I love you, and I can't pretend not to! I'm going away. Oh, Europe—Japan anywhere to get away!"

And he went, and the days dragged on, each one opening a little wider the eyes of the woman in the small cottage as to what really was in her heart. But bravery was a part of Carrie Danielson's very nature, and nobody guessed.

"I guess Carrie didn't give a rap because Dr. White went to Europe," Mrs. Barnes said to Mrs. Croft. "She's just as smiling and bright as ever!"

"She's getting kind of peaked looking, seems to me," commented Mrs. Croft shrewdly.

It was an overturned lamp that brought disaster to Carrie. Amid the frantic struggles and shouts of the inefficient Hillside fire department her cottage and mushroom sheds burned to the ground.

She took it very resignedly when it happened, but the next day, wandering alone around the blackened pile, her nerves gave way.

She was crying quietly, sitting on the charred remnants of a box, when Dr. White found her. He had come straight to her from the train. Perhaps he took courage from her very forlornness and discouragement, so different from her usual bright self reliance.

"I'm glad it happened!" he said emphatically. "Glad because now maybe you'll have time to think of me a little bit!"

"I—I've thought of you a lot," Carrie Danielson admitted as she dabbed her eyes and made fastidious passes at her tumbled hair. It was good to see him again.

Dr. White deliberately sat down on the blackened box and reached for her hand. "Now we'll talk it over!" he said.

The Skies of Colorado.

Our skies in spring are different from those of the rest of the world. We have not here the soft, gray mixture of sky and clouds which seems to hug the treetops and breaks into tears as naturally as the heroine of the old time novel. Each season has its own peculiar sky in Colorado, though the summer skies do somehow overflow and crop up unexpectedly in the midst of all seasons. Our winter sky is a steely blue, frank and kindly, yet warning one not to presume too far. When spring comes this metallic luster softens to a blue lightened with purple and just touched with silvery gray. A little later the summer sky will be here—a deep, rich, vivid, living, strangely glowing blue, a blue that has all the warmth and fire crimson. That is the mountain blue, and you seldom see it more than thirty miles from the foothills. Out on the plains the rich blue lightens and is streaked and glazed with gold. Then comes fall, and a gentle purple tone creeps into the deep blue of the mountains and the golden tints of the plains. And then comes winter, with its steel color again. And every now and then, no matter what the season, the summer sky suddenly opens above you, perhaps for hours, perhaps for weeks, a reminder that this is, after all, a summer land and that the empress of the seasons is keeping watch over her own.—Rocky Mountain News.

The Effect of Rats as Food.

The Lahore (India) Tribune quotes a Chinaman's explanation of the use of rats for food purposes as follows:

"What a carrot is to a horse's coat a rat is to the human hair. Neither fact can be explained, but every horseman knows that a regimen of carrots will make his stud smooth and lustrous as velvet, and the Chinese, especially the women, know that rats used as food stop the falling out of hair and make the locks soft, silky and beautiful. I have seen it tried many times."

Shad.

Owing to its price and scarcity the shad, once the despised "food for Indians," has become a luxury. In William Penn's day the colonists marveled at the shoals that invaded the Delaware. But then the Chesapeake was paved with oysters, and the slaves of Maryland despised so common a diet as terrapin. The shad are today more numerous on the Pacific coast, whither they had to be transplanted, than in the fish's native waters, where the fish commissions of the United States and of Maryland have narrowly averted their extinction.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A NATION OF SAVERS.

Frenchmen Are Thrifty and Invest in Government Bonds.

If you were a Frenchman with a very small surplus to invest, if even that surplus were but a modest franc, you might become the holder of a French government bond. From the cradle to the grave the French subject is taught to save and to turn his earnings into safe income producing account, says Charles Speare in the Review of Reviews.

The state pays a premium on thrift. It rewards its school children for various good performances with a tiny bank deposit which invariably will have grown into goodly size when the recipient has reached maturity. Having nursed its people through the early stages of economy, it directs their steps in the choice of investments and even assumes paternal power in arbitrarily transforming the savings bank account into government bonds or rentes. Thrift is a national characteristic. France is a nation of little savers, of little incomes and of little farms.

Collectively these exercise a tremendous power on the affairs of Europe. The holder of the one or two franc bond and the possessor of the bank account, so small that bankers of other countries would scorn it, have built up a monetary power that commands the respect of the world and indeed regulates the finances and politics of much more presumptuous nations. Bonds of states and governments, of railroads with a government guarantee, bonds of cities and towns, of mortgage companies, are the Frenchman's choice. It is safe to say that in Paris coupons are cut from the bonds of nearly every government under the sun.

THE RIVER SEINE.

It Is the Most Picturesque of the Highways of Paris.

We have heard almost too much of the streets of Paris and not enough of that street most distinctive of all—the river Seine. Flowing through the city for six miles, it is a highway, with its bateaux mouches, its bridges and its quays. Of a dark night the Seine may seem to lugubrious fancy the symbol of death in the city's life abounding—murky death and inky crime, oozy and silent wickedness. Yet normally, even perhaps to suicides, the Seine is but the mirror of a city's mood. There are lights everywhere—lights lengthened in the water. The Louvre and the Conciergerie shown in the stream are things fairer than their originals. It is better to look upon the eddying reflections of the bridges here than to stand in the Place de la Concorde, bright with its orange lamps in honor of an auto show. The lights on the Seine and its images are more alluring, more haunted of fairyland and Paris, than the gilded boulevards.

Nor is it only in the moonlight that the Seine has charms. The holiday sculler finds it a paradise for miles above the city, and there are ever such fishermen as Maupassant's Renard. Line fishing is more than a mild sport at Paris. Even to watch its devotees seems to amuse your true Parisian. A legend tells us that in the commune days, when the Hotel de Ville was fired on and a dark page written in the city's history, the Seine fishermen pursued their pastime, imperturbable. And the tale seems likely enough as the saunterer watches the fisher folk, whose leisure may be envied more than their occupation and who are found not on the city quays alone, but in the banlieu, where the Seine's green bank is dabbed with villages in brown and red and gray and where one stops to watch the peasants bathe their horses in the stream itself, rubbing them down soon afterward by the river's brink. Within the city there are the men who clip poodles on the quays and lighter book and picture stalls with their merchants and shifting groups of bargain hunters—the Odeon arcade for new books, the riversides for old.—Scribner's Magazine.

ASTRONOMY.

Its Exactness Illustrated by the Discovery of Neptune.

There is perhaps no more striking illustration of the power of scientific method than that relating to the discovery of Neptune in 1846. The planet Uranus, until then the outermost known member of our solar system, refused to follow the path computed for it by mathematical astronomers. With the progress of time the discrepancies between its predicted and observed positions grew constantly larger until in the early eighteen-forties the discordance amounted to fully seventy-five seconds of arc. This is a small angle, not more than one-twenty-fifth the angular diameter of our moon, yet a very large angle to refined astronomy, for a discrepancy of two seconds would have been detected with ease. The opinion gradually developed that Uranus was drawn from its natural course by the attractions of an undiscovered planet still farther from the sun than itself. Adams in 1843 and Le Verrier in 1845 independently and each without knowledge of the other's plans attacked the then extremely difficult problem of determining the approximate orbit, mass and position of an undiscovered body whose attractions should produce the perturbations observed. Regrettable and avoidable delays occurred in searching for the planet after Adams' results were communicated to the astronomer royal in October, 1845. Le Verrier's results were communicated to the Berlin observatory in September, 1846, with the request that a search be made. The disturbing planet, later named Neptune, was found on the first evening that it was looked for less than one degree of arc from the position assigned by Le Verrier. If an energetic search had been made in England the year before the planet would have been discovered within two degrees of the position assigned by Adams.—Professor W. W. Campbell in Popular Science Monthly.

DAMASCUS.

An Isolated Oasis in the Midst of a Vast Desert.

The situation of Damascus is remarkable—she stands isolated on an oasis of the vast desert which everywhere hems her in. You may see from Damascus the sunset touch with purple the low western hills twenty-five miles away. These hills mark the beginning of the great desert. Beyond them there is nothing but a rolling waste and the long roads to Palmyra and Bagdad. The permanence and prosperity of Damascus are due to the presence of two rivers, which have converted this spot of the dreary, desolate and uninhabited desert into a smiling and well watered plain. The Pharpar approaches only within seven miles of Damascus, but by means of canals and aqueducts sends its life giving waters to the gardens of the city. The Abana is the stream from which the city's main supply of water is obtained. Minerva-like, it springs full born from the base of a perpendicular rock at Ain Fijih, in the heart of the Anti-Lebanons, and runs a course of ten miles in a gorge, a large river twenty to thirty feet wide and four feet deep, its waters always fresh and ice cold, casting out branches everywhere, permeating every nook and corner of the city, until, as one has said, "literally there is scarce a street, bazaar, khan, courtyard or dwelling house which has not its marble or stone fountain constantly filled with running water supplied directly by the Abana itself." Thus the Abana, not fruitlessly wasting her waters on that thirsty land, saves them in her narrow gorge till she can fling them well out on the desert and expends all her life at once in the creation of a single city.—Biblical World.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

Influence of a Game of Golf Upon a Man's Life.

A New York pastor received a call in his study one morning not long ago from a man with whom he had a pleasant but not intimate acquaintance. And the visitor told him without much ado that he had called on a peculiar errand.

"Some time ago," he said, "as you know, I lost my wife. I have no children; I have no kinsfolks, and I am very lonely in the world. Last week, by an unlucky speculation, I lost my whole fortune. I am therefore without companionship, without occupation, without money. I am too old to start again, and I have no joy in life as it is. I have deliberately decided, therefore, to commit suicide. And I called to tell you of my purpose and to ask the favor of you that when my body is found you will make such an explanation as your good judgment and kindly feeling toward me may suggest. I have come simply to ask this favor and not to argue the question, which I have settled for myself. If you do me this last service I shall be very grateful."

The preacher said little and was far too wise to undertake to dissuade him, but he permitted the man to say all that he had to say without interruption.

Then as he was going away the preacher called to him and said:

"I have not seen you on the golf links for some time. You use to enjoy the game."

"Yes," said the other.

"Well, go out and play one more game today before you carry out your purpose."

The man smiled for the first time and went to the golf course and—he is living yet.—World's Work.

Old Time Gas Charges.

The price of gas in the early part of the last century is shown by a schedule of charges issued by the Liverpool Gaslight company in the year 1817. Instead of so much per cubic foot being levied each individual burner was charged for, and the price varied according to the hour at which the light was to be extinguished. Thus for using one No. 1 Argand burner up till 8 p. m. £3 per annum had to be paid. For the right to keep it alight until 9 £3, 18s. was the figure, while those roistering blades who sat up till 10, 11 or 12 had to disburse £4 10s., £5 12s and £6 8s. respectively. Imagine the gas bill at a house where ten or twelve burners are flaring away until the small hours if such a method of taxation were in force nowadays!—Liverpool Post.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

Swinburne and the Grouchy Head Master of Eton.

Once when Algernon Charles Swinburne was traveling back with his father from school at the end of one of the terms they entered a carriage in which the then head master of Eton, who was buried in the Times, was seated.

"Isn't that Dr. ——?" the admiral whispered to his son. "I believe it is," stammered young Swinburne reluctantly. After a rebuke at the apparently careless answer the admiral "accosted the awful presence" with "Dr. ——; I believe, sir?" The doctor was plainly annoyed at being disturbed by a stranger. "Well, sir," pursued the admiral, "my boy here has just finished his first term at Eton, and I should very much like to know what account you can give of him." As a matter of fact, the doctor had not set eyes on young Swinburne before. "Enraged, however, I suppose," Swinburne afterward related, "at my father's rather unconventional interruption, which he had no doubt considered a slight on his dignity, he glanced down at me with a scarlet face and said deliberately, 'Your boy, sir—your boy is one of the very worst in the school,' and then intrenched himself once more behind the Times."

At Paddington there was a storm. In vain young Swinburne protested that the doctor had said what he had out of pure vexation, but the father declared that he would take the word of the head master, and Swinburne was deprived of all pleasures and privileges for the duration of the holiday.—Dundee Advertiser.

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